

SION in DISTRESS  
OR, THE  
GROANS  
OF THE  
Protestant  
CHURCH.

*Benjamin Keach = 1681*

*The Second Edition Corrected and Amended*

Lam. 12. Is there any Sorrow like unto my Sorrow?

Verf. 17. Sion spreadeth forth her Arms, and sheweth  
name to comfort her.

Verf. 20. Behold, O Lord, I am in DISTRESS!

----- *Quis talia Fando*

*Temperet a Lacrimis?* ----- *Virgil.*

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To the READER.

YOU are here presented with a *Revised Poem*, with such Additions and Enlargements as makes it very different from the first Impression. It is suited to the Present State of the *Protestant Church*, shewing the *Causes* of her present *Calamity*, with an Enumeration of some *Prevailing Sins*; the *Plots* and *Contrivances* of *ROME* against *ZION*; the *Marks* of the *Antichristian Beast* and *Scarlet Whore*, with her *Arraignment* and *Condemnation*, (illustrated in difficult places with *Marginal Notes*.) Also some probable Discoveries of the Churches *Redemption*, and the approaching *Glory* of the *Latter Day*.

We have now a plain Prospect (by the Gracious Discoveries of Providence) of those Horrid and Execrable Plots, which the restless Adversary has contriv'd against

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the

## TO THE READER.

the Peace and very Being of *STON*, as which were much in the dark when my Muse first bewail'd its Condition, and I suspected that this *Epideemical Mischief* (no Reveal'd) was then a hatching.

In a Subject of Grief, a quaint and ornamental Method is not to be expected, for an abrupt and sobbing Delivery is more natural in the Delineations of Sorrow, than a studied well poiz'd and artificial Harrangue. The Subject is Divine, and too lofty for so weak a *Muse*; which I hope will oblige the Generous Reader to a candid and mild Construction. I have writ according to the measure of Light received, and have contributed my Mite (in a well-meaning Spirit) to reduce us to our Selves.

Against the *Reigning Evils* which expose us to Temporal and Spiritual Enemies, many *Wholesom Precepts* from Scripture and Reason are given.

The *Rise, Progress, and Persecutions* of the *Man of Sin*, are succinctly delivered, with the Evidence of Approved *Historians* (some of them *Papists*) whose Evidence

## To the Reader.

Men against *Themselves* ought to be convincing. There can't be too many *Defendants* against so Vigorous an *Assailant* as Rome is.

There are many Excellent Tracts that discover the *Villanies* of Popery, and I wish they were more Common. It is a great comfort that the *Spirit of the Nation* is so much (and justly) incensed against it. And that our *Parliament* is so Thorow and Resolved to crush that *Interest*, whose *Principles* teach them to be (to all *Heresicks*, for so they call *Protestants*) Trayterous *Subjects*, ill *Neighbours*, and worse *Sovereigns*.

To promote the *Just Odium* of my *Native Countrey* against so destructive and malignant an *Enemy*, is (in part) the Design of this *Essay*; (which being of small bulk and price, may possibly come into more hands than larger Volumns.) If it contri- butes any thing in order to that End, it an- swers the Expectation of

Your Souls Well-Wisher.

To his Friend the AUTHOR

On the Image of

FIRST IMPRESSION.

W<sup>H</sup>at Muse is this, that thus inspires thy  
Brain, to raise such high a strain?  
And lend thy Genius to so high a strain?  
Must thy Aspiring Fancy now rehearse  
Thy Author's Groans in an Elegiac Verse?  
Is Prose too mean and unregarded now,  
That still in Verse thou let'st the World know  
Thou art abus'd by Rome's Infernal Crew?  
In her Blood they did their hands embrew?  
Let thy Endeavours prosper, Let them prove  
To be Rome's shame: A Token of thy Love  
To thy distressed Mother, (now the scorn  
Of black-mouth'd Imps, who are of Satan born.)  
Aspiring Soul! What from her Sorrows climb  
To a Prophetic Spirit in thy Rhime?  
Forgetting how she shall deliver'd be  
From all those Bloody Beasts, whom thou dost see  
God will destroy, and will thy Mother make  
Heaven's Glory, and Earth Joy for his Name sake.  
Jehovah bless thy Work, this Book, though small  
And make it prove a Preface to Rome's Fall.

Val.

To my Friend the

AUTHOR,

Upon His

REVIV'D POEM.

**H**ere's Grief in Raptures! Who could  
thus infuse  
All Strains of Sorrow? No Aonian Muse,  
Such Sacred Rhapsodies could e'er inspire;  
Nor were they borrow'd from Apollo's Quire.  
No Inspiration from the Thespian Spring,  
Does teach our Poet in this mode to sing.  
He sucks no Hippocrene, nor feeds upon  
The fancy'd Dew of Pagan Helicon.  
He mounts no Pegasus, nor gathers Drops  
Distill'd by Clio from Parnassian Tops.  
These are but Whimsies—Some Seraphick Fire  
His Muse did with this Mourning Song inspire  
Who

Who can but, in the highest Notes of Grief  
Weep Tears in Verse, when Sion wants Relief  
To be from that their lofty Straits so harrow'd  
Do but describe an Artificial Sorrow:  
But his is purely Natural: for we  
Perceive it comes from perfect Sympathy.  
His clear discerning Soul her dangers sees  
Approaching on by unperceiv'd degrees.  
He gives us Warning to prevent the Stroke,  
To leave our Sins, and Mercy to invoke.  
Here's a Prophetick Glass, where we may view  
The swift destruction that will (else) ensue.  
Our Friend, we thank thee that thou hast not  
left us  
Without some hope, nor has thy Book here left us  
Of Consolation; for the SCARLET  
WHORE  
Is there so Sentenc'd, that She'll rise no  
more.

SION

# Sion in Distress:

## OR, THE GROANS OF THE PROTESTANT CHURCH.

What dismal Vapour (in so black a  
form)  
Is this, that seems to Harbinger a  
Storm?

What pitchy Cloud invades our Starry Sky,  
To stop the Beamings of the Worlds Great Eye?  
What spreading Sables of Egyptian Night,  
Would rob the Earth of its Illustrious Light?  
What interposing Fog obscures our Sun?  
What dire Eclipse benights our Horizon?  
Is England's Great and Royal Bridegroom fled?  
Is its Aurora newly gone to bed?  
That scatter'd Clouds make such prodigious haste,  
Combine in one, and re-unite so fast.  
Clouds that so lately dissipated were,  
Do now conspire to make a Darker Air!

2  
*Sion in Distress: Or,*  
*Prayers supplicating, that without delay*  
No bounds nor measures terminate my grief;  
The Tears of mine Eyes are too too true  
To leave the Servants of my increasing Sorrows  
Ebbs follow swelling Floods, and vernal Days  
Adorn the Fields that Winter disarrays.  
All States and Things have their alternate ranges,  
As Providence the Scene of Action changes.  
All Revolutions, barriers to and fro,  
At length some Rest and Settlement do know.  
But helpless I, have often look'd about,  
To find some Ease or Soul-Refreshment out;  
Yet can I see no prospect of Relief,  
But *swift Additions* multiply my grief.  
As *Pilgrims* wander in their deep distress  
Amongst the wild rapacious *Savages*  
In pathless Deserts, where the midnight howl  
Of hungry *Wolves*, mixt with the screech of *Owls*  
And *Robust* dismal croaks, salute the Ears  
Of poor erratick trembling *Passengers*:  
So I'm surrounded, to the *Beasts of Prey*  
Conspire to take my *Life* and *Name* away.  
My glowing Soul does melt, my Spirits faint;  
For want of vent; I'm pregnant with Complaint  
No Age nor Generation but has known  
Some part of this my just and grievous moan.  
But now I'm far more dangerously charg'd;  
By *Bolter Foes* my sorrows are enlarg'd:  
A hellish Tribe from black *Avernus* flew,  
That *Bloodthirst*-like, me and my Lambs pursue  
Lore



## *The Growth of the Protestant Church.*

Lord J E S U S come ! O let my Cries reveal  
Thy Sacred Presence to divert the Stroke  
Are all my Friends withdrawn / what is there  
Steps in to ease me of my grievous moan ?

## *Sion's Friend.*

**W**hat delightful noise salutes my wondering Ear  
What grief-expressing Note in that I hear  
Methinks the Accent of this Dismal Cry  
Bespeaks some one in great extremity.  
The shrillness of the mournful Voice bespeaks  
A Womans loud and unregarded threats.  
The more her deep and piercing sob I heed  
The more my Heart in sympathy does bleed.  
Ah ! who can find her out ! who can make known  
The Author of this Heart-renting Moan !  
Doubtless, though Grief now seizes thee upon her,  
She is a Lady of high Birth and Honour,  
Of Royal Stem, extracted from Above,  
Nurs'd in the Chambers of the Fathers Love ;  
Espoused to a most illustrious Prince,  
Who over all has Just Pre-eminence,  
Monarch of Monarchs— Sion ! Is it thou !  
O mourn my Soul ! O let my Spirit bow !  
Let all that love the Bridgroom sigh for grief ;  
For Sion weeps at one past all Relief.  
But why, O Sion, since thou art beloved  
Of Heavens Supreme, art thou so sadly moved ?

*Sign in Distress: O,*

*Why Arms expanded, thus implore the Skies?  
Why streaming Rivulets, flow from thine eyes?  
Thou makest me wonder—*

*Sign.*

*M*Y forlorn Estate  
Is poor unpittyed, mean and desolate:  
I long have wandered in the Wilderness  
Involv'd in trouble, kept in sore Distress,  
In Caves absconding from the horrid Rage  
Of Savage Beasts, until this latter Age  
I made Attempts to look a little Out,  
The Monster loved me, and does scarch about:  
The Roaring Blood-Hounds, greedy on the scent,  
To kill, or drive me back again, are bent.  
No Interval of Peace, no Rest they give,  
Pronounce me cursed, and not fit to live:  
A Dragon fell, combined with the Beast  
To gore my Sides and spoil my Interest.  
Th' old Lion, Lioness, and Lion Whelp,  
With dreadful Jaws, the other Beasts do help.  
Dogs, Bulls, and Foxes, Bears and Wolves agree  
To rend, to tear, and make a spoil of me.  
I that have been so delicately bred,  
My Children at a Royal Table fed;  
Am now expos'd to the infernal Spire  
Of such as do in Fire and Blood delight.  
Plots hatch'd in Hell and Rome! that black design  
To stab a Monarch; and to undermine.

Our

## *The Groans of the Protestant Church.*

Our Ancient *Laws*, subvert *Religion*, and  
Bow *England's Neck* to *Antichrist's* command;  
Were but *Preludiums* to that dismal *Urn*  
(As martyr'd heaps in flaming *Smithfield* burn)  
Design'd for *Protestants*, and all the Rest  
Who hate *Romes Idol*, th' *Image of the Beast*.

I am the *Mark* the *Monsters* aim at: All  
Their grand designs were to contrive my fall.  
If Friends or others any Favours show,  
They straight conspire to work their *Overthrow*.  
Ah vile *Conspiracy*! Ah cursed *PLOT*!  
So deeply laid! How canst thou be *Forgotten*?

Hells grand *Intregues* ne'er introduc'd a *Beast*  
Into the World, so horrible as that,  
Since *Rome* the western cheated *Monarch* rid,  
A *Rampant WHORE*, the horned *Beast* besrid,  
Disgorging *Plots*, employing hellish *Authors*:  
May all our *Off-spring* execrate such *Fallows*!

*Sion* forlorn! How very few regard  
Thy cry: & *tears* mens hearts are grown so hard  
In *Reliefs* *Hurries*, soft with every wind  
No *Ease*, no *Peace*, no *Comfort* can I find.  
The horrid *Aspect* of these *Monsters* do  
Affright my *Children*, some they worry too;  
On some they seize, like greedy *Beasts* of prey,  
And to their *Dens* the *Sacrifice* convey.  
Renowned *GODFREY* (whose immortal glory,  
Martyr'd for me, shall ever live in Story)  
Let every *Loyal Eye* that sees it there,  
Yield to his Name the *Tribute of a Tear*.

*Span in Distress: Or,*

*Brave Soul!* Thy Love and Loyalty do claim  
That *King* and *People* should proclaim thy *Name*,  
In *England's* *Prison*, ne'er to be forgot,  
Roll'ing on *Rome* an everlasting Blot.

The Great *Jehovah*, who is only *Wise*,  
Permits thy Fall as a Sweet Sacrifice,  
The Bar'rous Murder has made clearly out  
That *Plot* which none but *Infidels* can doubt,  
Those bloody *Parlers*, black *Assassins*,  
Cur'd Executioners of *Rome's* Debates,  
Drunk with *Infernal* Cruelty, made Thee  
A *Specimen* of *England's* Tragedy.

By Thee we learn what *Courtesy* to hope  
From *Romish* Butchers, Vassals to the *Pope*,  
Thou led'st the Van, first fell into the *Trap*,  
From whence they say no *Protestant* shall escape,  
Pure *Innocence* *Trapann'd*, amongst them came,  
Without suspicion, (like a harmless Lamb)  
Whilst they, like hungry *Tigers*, ready stood  
To mangle their *Tussons* in thy guiltless *Blood*,  
Thou little thought it such an *Infernal* Snare  
Had been thus laid to trap Thee unaware!

'Tis strange, say some, what *Reason* should engage  
Them to make Thee the *Object* of their Rage?  
The Cause was thus: The *Babylonish* *Whore*,  
Big with a *Ballard*, long'd (as heretofore,  
For *Christian* *Blood*; her Favourites made haste,  
In her great need to help her to a *Taste*,  
Of choicest *Liquor* this she calls the first,  
To cheer her sinking heart, & quench her thirst.

Fearing

*The Ground of the Protestant Church.* 3

earing *Assurances*, when her Spirits faint,  
He drinks the *Beasts Blood* of some *Martyr* *And*  
Than *His* *Beast* more insatiable, he cries  
Give, give me that, or nothing will suffice  
My *Graving Pan*; my pleasure must be done  
This *Heretick* was a *Pragmatick One*;  
He knew my *Secret Clubs*, and would *Reveal*  
My *Tragick Plots*: We must prevent his *Zeal*.  
We'll *Strangle Him*, before He gives a glimpse  
Of our *Designs*, or *Countermines* our *Imps*.

Ah *Brutish Whore*: of *Cannibals* the world  
This bloody *Drachm* has brought an endless *Curse*  
On thee: And lasting *Calendars* we see  
Records this Instance of thy *Crash*.

This *Loyal Knight* ne'er injur'd you, but stood  
Discharging *Justice* for his *Countreys Good*.  
Will nought but *Blood* of *Protestants* give ease  
Or quench your *thirst*? What *mischeivous Disease*  
Infects your *Bowels*? Must your *Churches Food*  
Be *flesh of Saints*? Your *mornings-drachm*, their *Food*  
*Fellonious Serpents*? Must you be so bold,  
To steal by night into your *Neighbours Fold*  
Seiz on my *Lambs*? Thy *Theft* and *Cruelty*,  
As well as *Murder*, shall be revenged be.

But since he's gone, and *Justice* does pursue  
With eager *Steps* th' *Assassinating Crew*,  
We'll acquiesce: For *Heaven* seems to call  
For *Tears* *Collation* at his *Funeral*:  
Let *Christians* offer, through the *Universe*,  
Whole *Heavens* upon his bleeding *Herse*.

*Sion in Distress: Or,*

And could their Tears increase into a Flood,  
I were no excess — So much I prize his Blood.  
But other grounds of Grief are in mine Eye,  
Which cause my Sorrows to advance so high,  
That my o'er burthen'd Heart can scarce express  
The nature of my *Inward Heaviness*.

*Sion's Friend.*

*S*ion, Thy *Sad and bitter Lamentation*  
Does move my very Soul unto Compassion:  
But say what Cause does aggravate your Fears,  
And thus provokes to further Cries and Tears?

*Sion.*

That my Head were waters, and each Eye  
A brim-full Fountain, I could drein 'em dry.  
I'm steep'd in brackish Floods, nay almost drown'd  
To see how Sin does ev'ry where abound.  
Where'er I am, I nought can see or hear,  
But that which doth my Soul in pieces tear.  
It breaks my heart that England thus should be  
A Scene for Actors of Debauchery.  
What perperations of the blackest Crimes  
Appear not bare-fac'd in our present times?  
The God (incens'd) has fearful Judgments sent,  
To humble men, and move them to repent;

Yet

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Yet they proceed in foul Impenitence,  
And aggravate their horrid Insolence;  
Seeming to bid defiance to Heaven,  
Scorning to take the dreadful Warnings given.  
The sweeping Plague (that Messenger of Wrath)  
In such as 'scap'd, small Reformation hath  
Produc'd. Nor has the desolating Fire  
A perfect Token of Gods flaming Ire.)  
Remov'd the City's Pride; 'twas great before,  
And now it seems to multiply much more.  
Fantastick Garbs, and Antick Modes declare  
How much from Pride their Souls reformed are;  
Though want, though Poverty, and loss of Trade,  
Do many Men and Families invade;  
Yet do they vaunt in pride and luxury,  
As if they had vast Mines of Treasures by.  
Some know not what to eat, nor how to go,  
Yet on the Poor will no Compassion show:  
Whose unregarded Cries, unheeded Moans,  
Whose unreliev'd Distress: unpity'd Groans,  
Can scarce extort a Mite.) Such do not grudge  
To purchase Hell at dearest Rates, and drudge  
To please their brutish lusts, who void of measure  
Consume Estates to wanton in Pleasure,  
Tumbling in Riot (as proud Dives sat.)  
Whilst Lazarus lies starving at the Gate.

A Complaint of Oaths.

Volleyes of Oaths, with horrid Blasphemy,  
And dreadful Cursings in mine Ears do cry.  
Mark but our impious Gallants when they meet,  
Observe the mode how they each other greet.

What new coin'd *or* what modish *corruption*  
What damning, sinking, horrid Imprecations  
Do they disgorge? The Serpents fiery hills,  
That belches Sulphure from the black Abyss,  
Can scarce out-do this Ranting Tribe, who count  
The Man Genteel that is most paramount  
In wickedness; he that blasphemes *aloud*  
*Christ's blood and wounds*, is Courtier almode.  
How can th' abused Earth but gape again,  
To swallow quick vile Wretches so prophane  
Can Heavens great Artillery so long  
Forbear the Treasons of a mortal Tongue?  
*Jehovah's* Attributes so vilely us'd  
His Sacred Essence and his Name abus'd.  
Fresh Blasphemies they mint, new Curfes frame,  
And Sin that never had before a Name.  
Graduates in Courtship are prefer'd, who made  
Most quick proficience in a hellish Trade;  
Such rant and roar, such revel, Dominter,  
As if nor God nor Devil they did fear.  
Approaching danger can't disturb their pleasure,  
But still they sin until they fill their measure.  
Judgments deferr'd, in evil makes them bold,  
Despising such by whom they are controld;  
As if th' avenging Hand their Lives did spare,  
Thus to provoke Him without dread or fear.  
But poor Blasphemer, when thou art past by,  
Tis not s' indulge thee in iniquity.  
Think'lt thou the God of Purity does like  
Such ways, because he yet forbears to strike?  
Dost



## The Groans of the Protestant Church.

Do'st thou think a gloomy interposing Cloud,  
From Gods all-searching Eye can be thy shroud?  
Or that because He is inthron'd on high,  
Thy Deeds of Darkness He cannot espy?  
Or since his Judgments are so long delay'd;  
Wilt thou proceed, and be no whit afraid?  
Wilt thou His Patience without end abuse,  
Slight true Repentance, and His Grace refuse?  
So, thy Judgment hastens—For a Rod  
Will quickly reach thee from an Angry God,  
Because of Oaks the Land does greatly mourn,  
For which my Soul much inward grief has born.

### A Complaint of Drunkenness.

Do'st thou not see how filthy Drunkenness  
Does raige in City, and in Villages?  
Some reel and wallow in the streets, like Swine,  
Whilst others boast their strength in drinking Wine:  
Although to such, God doth denounce a Curse,  
They mind it not, but still grow worse and worse.  
Dread not Examples of Gods Wrath at all,  
Nor what to Drunkards does so oft befall:  
Altho Gods Word has dreadful Warnings given,  
That Drunkards never shall inherit Heaven,  
But that their lot shall with damn'd Spirits be,  
In Chains of Darkness to Eternity.  
They drink, carouse, & waste their jolly breath,  
Upon the brink of Everlasting Death.  
Whate'er ensues, they are resolv'd they will  
Carouse full Goblets, and be filthy still.  
Thus men by Pride, by Oaks, by Lustiness,  
By daily following Lechery to excess,

78      *Sion in Distress: Or,*

Defile the Land, and do the Lord provoke,  
To cause his Vengeance on the Land to smoke.  
Sin sets the door wide open, and makes way  
For all the Sorrows of th' approaching day,  
These are in part the Cause of *England's* Wo,  
And will if (Grace prevents not) it undo:  
But there are other hainous Sins behind,  
Which pierce my Bowels and perplex my Mind.

*A Complaint of Whoredom, Adultery, &c.*

Did filthy *Lust* and *Whoredom* ever rage  
With more success then in the present Age?  
Abominations of so vile a Name,  
That their bare mention is indeed a shame,  
What Sin more hateful in *Jebovah's* Eye,  
Then this of *Whoredom* and *Adultery*?  
Tis rank'd as chief and marches in the Van  
Of all the gross Debaucheries of Man.  
In those black Muster-Rolls God does record  
Of grand Offences in his holy Word.  
What more affronts the *Second Table*? Or  
Provokes the Lord? No fitter Metaphor  
Could be produc'd t' express *Idoltery*,  
Then that abhorred Name, *Adultery*,  
Besides the Terrors of Gods fiery Wrath,  
Which judges such to everlasting Death;  
On Earth amongst all sober men, they gain  
So vile a blot, so infamous a stain,  
As all the Vipers in the Sea can never  
Vipe off, nor can it be forgot for ever.  
But O what fatal Consequences wait  
For speedy entrance at the wretches gate!

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For Lewd Embraces of lascivious Dames  
Will rot their bones, breed cankers in their names  
Beget consumption in Estate and Purse,  
Produce destruction, and a certain Curse:  
The common ends that such arrive unto,  
Are foul Diseases Beggery and VVo.  
They're foolish Fools (says wise Demosthenes)  
That buy Repentance at such Rates as these:  
That Sin, to please an Enemy, that strives  
To damn their Souls, and rob them of their lives  
God in his Sacred \* Ordinances hath  
Appointed such to an immediate Death.  
Would men but Judge it as their greatest Foe,  
They'd never Love, nor hug it as they do.  
Each Sex is bad, but VWomen seem to be  
The very Brokers of Immodesty;  
Which makes that passage to be born in mind,  
*A wise and vertuous Woman who can find*  
*Your City-Dames and Ladies are on fire*  
With wanton passion, and unchaste desire  
Providing Meats on purpose to inflame  
Their pamper'd Gallants to their wonted shame  
Bare Breasts and Naked Necks, a Harlots Dress,  
Are strong Temptations unto VVickedness  
All other sins (th' Apostles does declare)  
Which men commit without the Body are  
But this abominable Act alone,  
Against his Body by a man is done.  
Marriage to all the Undeiled Bed,  
Is Honourable; he that will, may wed:

But

14      *Sign of Distress: O,*

*But Ill-mongers, God Judges, and they shall  
Be cast into the Lake, both great and small,  
The Wiseman calls th' Adulterers, A Fool;  
And well he may, for he destroys his Soul.  
No Sots like them, for branded still they show  
The marks of Folly, wherefo'er they go.  
O how th' unclean and brutish man exceeds  
Inferiour Sinners in reproachful Deeds!*

*My Grievances are many, and my Fear  
Is more than my distressed Soul can bear:  
My panting Breast and aking Heart is sad,  
To think of what I further have to add.*

*1001      A Complaint of Atheism.*

*But O amazing smaller-piece of wonder!  
That's like to rend my very heart aunder,  
When I consider that an Age of Light  
Produces Monsters blacker then the Night:  
A Cursed Tribe of wretched Atheists dare,  
Without ill Dread and Reverential Fear,  
Strike at the Effener of the Great Jehovah,  
And all the Glories that reside Above:  
And meer Fancies of a Cloudy Brain,  
And all Religion an Intrigue of Man:  
That dare pronounce all Evangelick Law,  
A Trick of State to keep the World in aw,  
Creating Idols in their Brains; that even  
Make mock of Hell, and a meer scorn of Heaven:  
But can such Fancies challenge an abode  
Within your Hearts to Dis-believe a G O D?  
On th' Universal Fabrick cast an Eye,  
The Sea, the Earth, and the expanded Sky? Can*

## The Growth of the Protestant Church. 29

Can to sublime Illustrations an Effect  
Be form'd without a Glorious Architec?  
If Reason be your Rule, true Logicks Law  
Pronounce Effects resulting from a Cause,  
Whose Order leads us to Infinity,  
Sure Arguments of a Divinity.  
Created Things must a Creator have;  
And that Begetter who first being gave  
To Essences produc'd, can't be Begot;  
He's therefore GOD, and other else is not.  
This *Causa Prima*, without Time or Date,  
Is he that did all Entity create:  
The first could not Himself create; so He  
Must have his Essence from Eternity.  
Who can make *Phaeton* his swift Coaster reverse?  
Or ballance in his Palm the Universe?  
Who can the Ocean in a Sieve confine?  
If none can do't, then none can God define?  
First Principles are beyond Definition;  
No Logick reaches at so high a Vision.  
Tis unreveal'd to Reason for no strain  
Of lofty Metaphysics can contain  
Those Mysteries; true wisdom therefore hath  
Commanded Reason to give room to Faith.  
If what we see had not a first Creator,  
Then 'tis its own immediate Operator;  
If so, it Acts before it had a Being.  
But such Conclusions are too disagreeing  
With Reasons Maxims: For all things that be,  
May say they are their own Divinity;

If each can make it self, and that which can  
Create it self, can so it self sustain  
*In Infinitum*, and will ne'er dissolve  
Its self; for Natures principal Resolve  
Is, That no Essence will forbear to be,  
If it can keep up its own Entity.  
This strain of Atheistick Sophistry  
Makes all of equal Independancy,  
Without Subordination: 'Tis a Theam,  
Without Inferiour, making all Supream.  
FIRST CAUSE supposes *Time*, & *Time* supposes  
Some *second Acts*, which *after Time* discloses.  
So view their Series, you may trace them  
(As Links in Ghains) to their Original.  
The Great JEHOVAH, whose unfathom'd Glor  
Is Emblem'd in the Universe before ye.

There is a thing in Man call'd CONSCIENCE  
Which of his Actions gives clear Evidence,  
Whether he likes or not: That's ready still  
To check the Course of his Disorder'd Will:  
It is Eccentrick to his Sensual Part,  
Arraigns his words, his Deeds, his very Heart.  
And if it finds they be irregular,  
It does Pursue them with continual War.  
What can this Just, this Inward Witness be,  
But some bright Beam of a Divinity?

In former Times was not Jehovah known  
By Miracles which visibly were shown?  
Can Reason brag that Causes Natural  
Could raise the Dead? Or that a word can call

## The Creed of the Protestant Church.

An *Invitation* to behold the Light,  
Make *John* a *Crusader* give the *Word* their *Light*;  
If not, then surely it will follow hence,  
That 'tis an *Act* of some *Omnipotence*.  
That such were done we have the *Common Vote*  
Of *Patience*, *Jews*, and all the *Men of Note*,  
Whose *Works* are *Extant*, whom we may believe,  
Because they had no *Art* to *deceive*. (hear  
Whence come those *Judgments* which you daily  
Of *Wrath* and *Vengeance* darted every where  
Against *Prophane* of that *Sacred Name*?  
Whence come those *Arrows*, that *Consuming Flame*  
Which terrifys the *World*? & whence the *breath*  
That strikes *Blasphemy* with a *sudden Death*?  
Which of these *rare Philosophers* can show  
What makes the *Spacious Deep* to *Ebb* and *Flow*?  
Let them produce their *Articls*, if they can,  
*How scatter'd Atoms* can *conquer a Man*?  
Who brandishes those *blazing Scepters* of *Wonder*?  
Who frights the *Earth* with *rapid Peals of Thunder*?  
Who did defeat the *Fatal Enterprise*?  
Which *Rome*, by *Devils* *Counsel*, did *deville*?  
Who fees the *Comet* in the *Angry Sky*?  
Those *dismal Harbours of Misery*?  
God does himself by many ways make known;  
or warning *Men* of what's a coming on:  
Let *Senseless* *Nature* fault more and more,  
Though *heavenly Vengeance* threaten at the *Door*,  
*Deceit*, *Soul-wasting Errors*, *Perjury*,  
*Injustice*, *Murder*, *Treachery*, *Hypocrisy*

## 21      *Satan's Defeat: On*

Do so shamed through our vulgarised life,  
That Sorrow hardly e'er appears, & more vile.

### *A Complaint against Hypocrites*

I am not only persecuted by  
My Open Foes, but *Lurking Snakes* do lie  
Within my Bosom, using all their Art  
To seize my Vitals, and corrode my Heart,  
Such *seeming Friends*, such *Troops in disguise*  
Are more malignant than known *Enemies*:  
For the Attacks of *These*, a man may ward  
*These*, unsuspected, stand within our Guard.  
How many seem to reverence my Name  
For worldly Ends, or to avoid the shame  
Of Irreligion? Frequently they go  
To worship God, and so devout do show,  
As if meer *Saints*, but, *Hypocrites* in grain,  
Do all the while Intelligence maintain  
With my declared Foes, who proudly joyn,  
And all their Rotticks in one combine,  
To root my Name from off the very Earth,  
And make provision that no more get Birth  
Betray'd by *Widets*, and by *low Degrees*,  
But most of all by *Capital Grandees*,  
Such as my Peace and Silence should procure,  
Contribute most to make me *Unsecure*:  
Such seem their *work* by soft words to smother  
So *peacefully* and *one way*, but now another,  
Such perfur'd *Servants* have the Art to *smile*  
Upon my *Face*, but are my *Threat* the while.



## The Growth of the Protestant Church. 19

Thou great, Great Sovereign of the Universe,  
Thou shalt I pray, our Germany restore,  
Thy Zion's Temple never be burnt  
To Rome, by Decrees of Malice made,  
O let me hear the Angel Trumpet sound,  
That dost proclaim their Babylon overthrown,  
Rome's black Militia is all up in Arms,  
Annoying Europe in unnumber'd Swarms,  
This critical moment thou earnest and hope  
To thrust it out, and introduce a Pope,  
To plague this Noble Nation, that has been  
A Wall, a Fort, a Corner-stone between  
Their bawling Canon's most impetuous force,  
And foreign Scurvy that contaminates their Shore,  
The desperate Archers are aware of this,  
They know that England the chief Bulwark is,  
To check their growth:—If they could make it stop  
Th' innocent's blood of ch' Antichristian Cup,  
They judge it safe to subvert them all  
Of my European Gospel Interest.

But O my melting Soul-transporting Fears!  
Burst into Sighs, and bubble into Tears!  
Observe the Heavens! View that dreadful Mark  
Of flaming Vengeance, that precedes the dark  
Approach of Night! Can this vast Court be  
Ought but the Prologue of Calamity?  
Prodigious Marrows, blinding Fury Stars,  
Are Heraldic sent to menace open Wars  
Against rebellion and polluted Courts,  
By Him who is the mighty Lord of Hosts.

Awake

20 *Awake, Sleepers, Arise!*

Awake O England! this is the last day  
Is out of season, it's time to wake;  
If guilty Children tremble at the Fall,  
Can you be stupid when the angry God  
Sets up his dreadful Ensign of his Wrath?  
Rouse up Repentance, let a lively Faith  
Now go to work! See how the Trembling Air  
Instead of Shaming does exhort to prayer;  
For thy *Amazons*, *Carthago*, *Perfidia* and all  
Thy other *Troops*, it doth for Sucklers call:  
From *Canal Sports* in *Stads* thee quickly get,  
Calls from the Taverns to the *Miscy* Seat,  
From that accursed *Rendezvous* of Lust  
It bids thee *hasten* and repent in *Dust*;  
Have not th Experience of *past* Ages given  
Their sad *Remarks* upon those Signs in Heaven  
What *floods* of *Ill*, but certain *Spill* of *Nations*  
*Pillages*, *Fire* and *Sword*, and other *Devastation*  
The sure *Evolution* of some *Patent* *Crumm*,  
The Death of *Heroes*, *Monarchs* tumbled down  
But thou *Wast* *Arise* *Arise* *Arise* of *Wonder*,  
Remove the *Sorrows* which *Flavour* under,  
Does this *Amazing* *Prodigy* betoken  
That *Rampant* *Beast* shall be quickly broken?  
Does it *portend* that *Antichrist* shall break  
In pieces *living* to *destroy* the *Weak*?  
Remains that on this *lucky* Name do *Call*?  
Or dost *prophesy* that *Trembling* I shall fall  
Lord, canst thou be thy *own* *Enemy* *Tomb*?  
And *rocked* up by this *important* *Turn*?

Or have my *Chil* been crying, *Sin* provoked him. All  
That dismal Sentence, not to be revok'd? and yet  
Gods Methods were to chasten, not destroy, and  
Those Sinning Souls in whom he once took joy,  
O give thy Sinking Church a new discerning,  
What thou dost mean by this prodigious warning.  
That by thy Spirits sacred flame calcin'd,  
By Scourges mended, and by Heat refin'd,  
We may find Grace. But Oh! My Spirits faint  
Under the Pressure of my Great Complaint, and  
My panting Soul another grief doth feel,  
My feeble *Knees* beneath their burden reel.

## Sion's Children.

**A** H Member I who can disallow your mean?  
The Cause is just, for every one must own  
Our feelings great, and that the Sins provoke  
Impending Judgments, and a fiery Stroke;  
If Introducing Adversity, we're not  
To mend, abolish, and extirpate Sin;  
But since unthought of Providence gives light,  
And calls the Sun to see the Affairs Right,  
Since Heaven exposes the Results of Sin,  
To Public Notice; since the Treason  
To Legal Execution; since the grand  
Conspirators of this Mass have not found  
To Toss of Dumb or due Examination;  
Since such brave Heroes represent the Nation,

Whose *Blame* for *sinful* *practices* *blame*;  
 Dine and *banquet* *delicious* *delicious*;  
 Whose *Black* *Trade*, whose *Legal* *English* *English*;  
 Through *Wings* of *Christianity* *Arise*  
 Can *be* *deceit*; whose *brave* *Resolves* *defeat*  
 Through *old* *Distinctions*, whether *small* or *great*;  
 Whose *Prophetic* *Courages* do *seem* to *spring*  
 To *be* the *Passion* of a *Rational* *Pope*;  
 Whose *Power* *they*, whose *Titles* *or* *what* *given*  
 By *higher* *Laws* of *higher* *Earth* or *Heaven*;  
 Whose *Power*, whose *Power*, do *conclude*,  
 The *whole* *past* of *Romish* *Incorrupt*,  
 Is *now* an *Exit*; that the *Scene* will *be*  
 Chang'd from a *Tempest* to *Serenity*.

## Sion.

O That I *could*! But my *grief* does *borrow*  
 Some *fresh* *Distinctions* to *renew* my *sorrow*;  
 For *some* that *with* us *well*, do *yet*, in *spite*  
 Of *Gospel* *Beamings*, and the *clearest* *Light*,  
 Retain *some* *Romish* *Practices*, which *displeases*  
 The *weak*, the *humble*, self *dancing* *Jesus*.  
 His *way* of *Worship*, *Scripture* does *express*;  
 No *Useless* *Pomp*, no *Artificial* *Dress*  
 Becomes *Religion*; *Chastity* *abhors*.  
 The *Garb*, the *Parade*, and the *Cost* of *Whores*.  
 Why should my *Friend* a *Virgin* *Church* *pollute*  
 With *any* *Relicks* of that *Prostitute*?

Why

*The Graces of the Protestant Church. 219*

Why Gawdy Things, that never had a Name  
In sacred Records, our Profession shame;  
Why are our *Rites* enamel'd with their *Gloss*?  
Why must our *Gold* be mingled with their *Dross*?  
Why *farther Reformation* is suppress'd,  
T' uphold a *Grandeur* that's *Usurp'd* at best?  
Why *Doctrines* and *Wisdoms* must be shut up quick,  
To stop the Radiance of a *farther Light*?  
And why must such as disallow those *Tricks*,  
Be branded as the vilest *Schismatics*?

But that's not all: My Children were rais'd  
From those Corruptions, to afflict my mind,  
O depths of Sorrow that disturb my Rest!  
O racking Grief that rends my woful Breast!  
Some are so Carnal, some so swiftly hurried  
Into the Labyrinths of this enticing World,  
That in the hurries of that crowded Road  
They find small leisure to attend their God;  
Preferring filthy Gain, and all-got Wealth,  
Before the means of their Eternal Health;  
Some that in words respect me, I behold  
In that sad posture, betwixt hot and cold;  
Sometimes they seem for Sanctuary; sometimes  
Slide with the current of prevailing Crimes;  
Their Pulses beat with an alternate motion;  
Now for the *World*, then for some *holy Devotion*,  
Some that unto my Tabernacle were  
Admitted, left me for *Earthly Lust*;  
These not content with my Celestial Diet,  
Do run with others to reach at *Rust*.

Some to be *Popular*, away would give  
Those *Gravel Days* that are *populous*;  
From such as these, my Sorrows do increase,  
That sell our *Souls* for a *seeming Peace*;  
Such *Open Cases* that do pervert the *Laws*  
Of my just *Reason*, and well-defended *Cause*.  
But O how many *Easy Christians* take  
Their *Aids* in *Forms*, and no distinction make  
Twixt Shell and Kernel, that rely on *Duty*  
As if it were the sole adorning *Beauty*;  
Such give the Lord the more invalid part,  
Perish their *Body*, but deny their *Heart*.  
And yet some *Pastors* careless to provide  
A *Word* for the *Flocks* they guide;  
Some are too backward to supply the *Need*  
Of *poor* *Souls*, that their *Souls* do feed.  
Discouraged by *Closet*-bred *Malice*,  
Despised, neglected, through this *Philistine* *Ice*.  
My *Heart* is *grieved*, and have cause of *man*,  
To *lament* my *Intellectual* grown.  
The *man* *Patrick* Preaching scarce can move  
Some *Rocks* *Heaven* to the Grace of *Love*.  
Must *Zeal* be *deaf*, and *conscience* *deceitful*,  
In *vain* *actions*, and *unfaithful* *deeds*.  
In *grounded* *errors*, and *uncertain* *Runners*,  
Backward to *the* *worst* of *Humours*.  
Be *praised* thus? Ah grief of griefs to see  
*Professing* *People* act *iniquity*.  
To such a Pitch — Some *Prudens* and some  
Deluded *Kicks* *Humour*, such *unlawful* *Lives*.  
Whatst

## The Growth of the Proud Land Church.

Whilst mutually at strife, they do impeach  
That Name that should be very dear to each  
Such Pride, such Turly, dogged *reprehension*  
For every Toy, such sharpnels and contention,  
As does disgrace *Religion*, and does lay  
Blocks and Offences in a *Converts* Way.  
Ah! why can't Saints in Families elchew  
That which *meer Heathens* are asham'd to do?  
Their Houses are the Scene of *Civil Wars*,  
Of Brawls, of Discord, and *Domestick Foes*,  
In grace or comfort can they find increase  
Or *Heavenly Blessings*, who are void of Peace.

How oft do *Parents* Ill Example draw  
Their tender Children to infringe the Law  
And Sanctions of the Everlasting God;  
Do they not spoil them when they spare the Rod?  
To strict Extremes some Parents do adde,  
Check not at all, or else are too severe  
On Back and Belly they bestow much Cost,  
But care not if their Precious Souls be lost.  
Are they not guilty of Prodigious Folly  
That teach them *Courtship*, & neglect what's right?  
A Child untor'd, (a meer lump of Sin)  
May justly curse its cause of having been  
Such as instruct, do doubly them beset,  
By timely Lessons lab'ring to defeat  
Their growth in Ill; such mould their *better parts*  
By wise prevention of a Canker'd heart.  
O! then, the time to give 'em Form and Mold  
For Trees admit no bending that are Old.

Who timely sow such *seed* they would have *grown*,  
 Will surely reap according as they *sow*,  
 Some like the Ape, that does by hugging kill,  
 Prompt on a Child to tip his tongue with ill  
 In his first posture: But it is less pain  
 To form good Habits, then reform the vain,

On th' other hand, how many Children do  
 Prove vain, rebellious, disobedient to  
 Their *early Parents*! Slight their careful teaching  
 Make Games of Prayer, and a mock of Preaching,  
 Contempt of Parents, of what kind so e'er,  
 Condemns a bitter Curse, which every where  
 Will find them out. But O my aching Soul  
 Beats for Alarms of Grief! I must condole  
 The dismal Fate of Youth! Alas how few  
 The ways of God and Holiness pursue!  
 But very eager to obey the Devil,  
 Joyously learning every reigning Evil.  
 Here you may see, if you survey the Nation,  
 Our Youth grows old in vile abomination:  
 Such early Graduates in the Hellish Science,  
 Setting both Heaven and Hell at loud defiance,  
 Let Grace and Virtue grovel in the Dust,  
 Their Youth and Strength they'll sacrifice to Lust.  
 That sacred Precept in the Word of Truth,  
*To mind their Maker in the Days of Youth,*  
 They scorn to heed: Ah fools! that would begin  
 Conversion, when they can no longer sin.  
 But know, preposterous Sons, the Day of Doom  
 (That dreadful Audit of Accounts) will come.  
 How



## *The Groans of the Trembling Church.*

How dare you run this vile Career, till Death,  
Like a Grim Serjeant, comes to arrest your breath,  
When Tongues do falter, & your Eyes strings crack,  
When things of Horror do your Conscience rack,  
When Hell's Mouth sets open its spacious Gate,  
And Troops of Devils round about you wait,  
When nought but Horror and Confusion seizes,  
Upon your Senses, when those foul Diseases  
You got by vile Debauchery, have at length  
Destroy'd your Person, & subdu'd your Strength,  
Is this a Season to Detest your Lewdness,  
To talk of Penance, or pretend to Goodness?  
Egregious Fools! how dare you to delay  
Your Soul's Affair to that uncertain Day?  
O! Can you trust to grand a Work to that  
Moment of Anguish? when you know not what  
(When sound) your end will be, nor yet how soon,  
Though but at Morning, you may die ere Noon,  
And if unchang'd, your certain Doom will be  
To lye in Hell to all Eternity.

## *Sion's Children.*

**O** *Desolate State! O miserable Case!*  
*Enough to damn all that are void of Grace!*  
*And wash the braggings of the stoutest mind!*  
*But are there still more grievances behind?*

Still more behind? O that there were no more!  
Since they're too many that I've told before:  
*Masters and Servants, Kings and Subjects* err  
In their *Relation*: does not each prefer  
Base, Selfish Ends to gratify a  *Lust*?  
Before what's honest, and supremely Just?  
Ah! how much time, among the Saints, is spent  
In fruitless, idle *Talk*? How negligent  
In *holy Conference*! straggle to each other!  
How dulkis each to quicken up his *Brother*  
In *Gospel-days*! O! how few do nourish  
That *Love & Zeal* which heretofore did flourish!  
A *Love* whose flaming Heat and Gen'rous Rays  
(Replete with Spirit) fam'd the former days.  
Pious Discourses may reclaim the Vile;  
But they are hard'ned in their Sins the while  
Saints do converse like them, and rather learn  
Their vicious Tricks, then teach them to discern  
The dismal Snare and Pits that do lurk  
In sinful Words, and every evil Work.  
Some are so covetous, that they would grasp  
The World in *Arm-fab*, till their last Gasps  
Some fill of *Envy*: others do express  
Their *Love* on Daughters feeding on *Excess*  
So nice and delicate, in thoses of Meat,  
Whilst their poor brethren *Scarcely* have bread to eat.  
Mer-

*The Grains of the Tyrranean Church.* 19

Merchants and Traders have a nimble Art  
To sum their *Shop-Books*, but neglect the *Book*,  
For that they think there's time enough, & look  
But seldom to the Reck'nings of that Book.  
How many come for *Fashion*-fakes to hear?

(What one receives, goes out at t'other Ear)

How many *lazier* in their *Christian* Race,  
Profusely squandering the day of Grace?

Many like Drones, on others *Toyl* do live,  
Though 'tis less honour to receive than give.

What *lying, cheating, can'ning* and *deceit*  
Do Traders use? O! how they over-rate

What they would sell? but if they be to buy,  
They undervalue each *Commodity*!

But why should *Pride*, that vile *Abomination*,  
Be found in *Saints*? must every *Apish* Fashion

Bewitch their minds, when God is so Express  
In strict forbidding of so vile a Dress?

Prayer, that *Sacred Ordinance*, that holds  
An intercourse with Heaven, which beholds

The Father's Glory, and on High does mount,  
Is made by many but of small account;

'Tis that that carries our Desires to God,  
And comes down freighted with a blessed Load

Of sweet Returns; yet 'tis much disrespected,  
And *Closet-Duty* too too much neglected.

Scriptures themselves are slighted and dis-  
And oft, when read, perverted or abus'd:

Helping the Weak, is turn'd into a slighting;  
Gospel-Reproofs perverted to backbiting.

Many

Many that do of God their Mercy crave,  
Yet on the *Newly* little Mercy have;  
Allow their *Wishes* to the God of *Love*,  
Yet too too many do unthankful prove.

Some follow *Whimsies* that do *newly* border  
Upon *Conscience*, and *despise* all *Order*;  
Such on all *Sacred* *Institutions* trample,  
(Though fortify'd by *Precept* and *Example*)  
As if 'twere *law* for an *exalted* mind  
To be, to Gods *Declared* *Will*, confin'd;  
But can these *Men* of *Rapture* make pretence  
That they have more *Divine* *Intelligence*;  
Then all the *Illustrious* *Saints*, as *Prophets*, *Priests*,  
*Apostles*, *Martyrs* and *Evangelists*,  
That were the *Scribes* and *Messengers* of *Heaven*;  
And strictly practis'd all the *Duties* given  
Unto the *Church*, which are without *repeal*?  
But if they're *disannul'd*, who did reveal  
Their *Objection* to these bold *Pretenders*?  
Gods *Laws* are *sound* & need no *Cabling* *menders*.

But O! that *Disfmal* *Evil* that's behind  
Disturbs my *Reason*, and distracts my *Mind*!  
It is *DISSENSION*! That unhappy word  
Has done more *Mischief* than a *Popish* *Sword*  
Could ever do, if that a *sweet* *Communion*  
(At least of *Love*) did but complete our *Union*.  
Why should *License* thus *blame* my *Children* hurry  
To these *Separates*? must they each *order* *sway*  
For *trivial* things? do they not all agree  
In *Fundamentals* of *Religion*?

## The Gravity of the Protestant Church

Is there no Room for Love? or must that grow  
Among my Children, have no proper place?  
Why must one Saint be angry with his Brother  
If not so tall as he? or with another,  
Because his Face is not so white as his?  
Or that his Habie not so goodly is?

Alas! no Folly can be more absurd,  
Nor more exploded in Gods Holy Word.

All should to Gospel-Purity adhere;  
But to calumniate, villifie and jeer

All such as are not of their very pitch,  
Is Anti-Gospel, and a practice which

The Lord abhors: It Causes of dissent  
Evert not Truth, and shake the Fundament.

Of True Religion, why such angry brawling?  
Such Odious Nick-names? & such vile miscalling?

Who dares intrude into the Judgment-Seat  
Of God Almighty? who is only Great

And only Judgment gives; to him belongs  
To pass the Sentence, and to punish wrongs.

Why cannot Christians with each other bear?  
Among Apostles some Dissensions were;

But did they therefore persecute each other?  
These Mortal Conflicts, Brother against Brother,

Destroys our safety, for they set a Gap  
Open for Raine, that would us all intemp

In Fatal Snares: their Maxim is, we know,  
Divide and Rule; Distract and overthrow.

Their Crafty Agents do creep in among  
Our heedless Parties, and divide the Throng.

That

*Sion in Distress: Or,*

That with more Ease they may us all *Devour*,  
Destroy our *Nation*, and subvert our *power*.  
Why therefore do not *Protestants* agree  
As *One*, against the *Common Enemy*?  
Who waits with bloudy hand, t'involve 'em all,  
In one *Destruction Epidemical*.

*Sion's Children.*

**A** *H Mother! who can remedy your Grief?*  
For this *Disease* admits of no relief.

*Sion.*

**O** *f no relief? O then my Heart must break!*  
Unless my *Sons*, their *Mothers* Counsel take;  
Which will those fatal flaming bears allay,  
Obstruct their *Growth*, and take 'em clear away  
O can a *Mother's Tears* and woful *Crys*  
Be dis-regarded in her *Childrens Eyes*?  
Can *English Protestants*, who do profess  
To serve one *God* in *Truth* and *Holiness*,  
Slight all my *Wishes*, and *Requests* despise?  
O! *Hearken* to my *Counsel*, and be *Wise*.  
Let *Winnishal Prides*, and foolish *Self-conceit*  
Let *Quibbles* and *Sophistical deceipt*  
Be quite exploded? Let a cool *Debate*  
All *Fundamentals* of *Religion* state:

In

*The Ground of the Protestant Church.* 33

In such you all, will certainly agree;  
(O happy Model of sweet Unity)  
Let none that to those Principles do stick,  
Be branded with the name of Heretic,  
It glads my heart to hear 'em call each other  
By that sweet Title of a Christian Brother.

Next, if you would not Chantry explode,  
Abuse the guiltless, and affront your God,  
Judge not your Brethren at a distance, neither  
Give easy Credit to the Tales of either  
Hot-headed Scriblers, or Sycantious tongues,

That often load the innocent with Wrongs:  
So Hellish Monks did serve Waldensian Saints  
With horrid clampnets, and unjust complaints.

So Popish Impudence spews out its Gall  
To make us odious; and bespatter all  
The Reformation; *sure that cause is bad*

*Whose chief supports from Railing must be had.*  
If giddy rumors, or uncertain fame  
Should raise a Slander on your Brother's Name,

Repair to him, and in converse you'll see  
Whether he guilty, or not guilty be.

If he be faulty, tell him of his fault;  
Be mild and secret, and you may him win;  
Admonish gently, let your whole discourse

Be full of *favours, love, and Scriptures force.*  
This is the way to bring him to a sense,

And Gods-prescribed Method to convince;  
But if you fail, then leave him to his God,

Who can reform, or punish with a Rod.

D

Your

Your *Work* is done, you have *discharg'd* the part  
 Of *Friend*, of *Brother*, of a *Christian heart*.  
 Before *Belief*, examine what is vented,  
 Good Men by *Malice* may be represented  
 In *Monstrous Shapes*: Some that to God are dear,  
*Hatred* will paint like a *mishapen Bear*;  
 Believe not therefore *distant imputation*,  
 No *Censure's* just, before *Examination*.

In all *Debates* be sure to lay aside  
 All prejudice, and let the *Scriptures* guide  
 Your *calm, sedate* *Diffputes*, let *Truth* be scann'd  
 With cool *Resolves*: O! let that great *Command*  
 Of *Love* take place! for that should moderate  
 All *Eager Sallies* in a *warm Debate*.  
 Who loses *Error*, truly gains the *Field*;  
 And he is *Victor*, that to *Truth* does yield.  
 Where e're you find it, though in *mean array*;  
 Subscribe, and win the glory of the *Day*.  
 O! what's the *World*, but *Shackles* to the *Mind*?  
 What's *Reputation*, but a *fleeting Wind*?  
 Why should these *Bubbles* which the *Lord* abhors,  
 Become the *Sacred Truth's* *Competitors*?  
 Away with all such *Rubbish*, let *Truth* take place!  
 And then the *Springs* of *Everlasting Grace*  
 Will drop down *Blessing*, *Unbought*, *Increase*,  
 Among my *Children*, as the *fruits of Peace*.



*Sion's Children.*

**O**ur Common Danger, and the Real Sense  
(Which we have got by dear Experience)  
Of those Advantages, our cruel Foe  
Gets by our Factions, will unite us so,  
As that our Enemies shall ne're prevail  
To break our League, or make our Courage fail;  
But tell, Dear Mother, has some new affright  
So dis-compos'd you, that you fear our Light  
Is near Extinction? tell your Sons, we pray,  
What are the Symptoms of this expiring Day.  
Why do you judge, that England's Day of grace  
Draws to an Evening, and declines apace?  
Shew some Prognosticks of that dismal Night,  
That threatens to succeed our Gospel-Light.

*Sion*

**W**hen Sol once touches our Meridian Line,  
It straight descends, does by degrees  
decline;

Its heat grows less, its dis-appearing Light  
Yields to the Sable of approaching Night;  
Just so the Gospel in its Altrude,  
Once shot such Beams, that in this Isle ensu'd  
So great Conversion, that those former Days  
Did feel its blest and universal Rays.

36 *Israel in Distress: Or,*

A General Heat did warm this Happy Nation,  
From its benign and pow'rful Operation:  
But now it falls! and from our Horizon  
Its vigorous influence is almost gone.  
Thousands of Sermons lately have been Preach'd,  
But very few (if any) Sinners reach'd.  
How ineffectual is the quickning word!  
It shines, but warms not, its but like a Sword  
That's fair to fight, but has no Edge at all;  
Few prick'd at heart! and scarce do any fall  
At Jesus' Feet: or have a sense of Sin,  
Confessing how rebellious they have bin!  
It is a dismal and apparent Sign  
That Night comes on, when Phœbus does decline,  
When Heat and Fervour fail, our Hemisphere  
Will quickly see its glory disappear.  
The Evening of the Nat'ral Day is come,  
When Harvest-Work-men are repairing home:  
So when quick Summons of Omnipotence,  
Removes the Dressers of his Vineyard hence,  
We may conclude the Gospel-Morning past,  
Because God's Servants disappear so fast.  
Can't when Gap-Defenders fall asleep,  
But like old Israel, for my Prophets weep?  
How can the naked and unguarded Flock,  
Sustain the Scourge of an invading Shock?  
When of its Shepherds it is thus bereft,  
What chance a Moses, or a Joshua's left,  
How many active Guides, most dearly lov'd  
By me, have been in little time remov'd;

Scarce

*The Groans of the Protestant Church.*

31

Scarce can I dry mine Eyes for loss of one,  
But News arrive of many others gone;  
If that my Head were Waters, and each Eye  
A Well of Tears, I could distil 'em dry;  
Bright Lamps extinguish't! and no other Lights  
Appear to chase the horror of our Nights!  
Shook by concussions of my Foes I stand,  
Whilst few are rais'd to hold my trembling hand!  
If thus my *Horsemen*, and *Commanders* dye,  
What will become of the poor *Infantry*?  
Who can support the burden of the Day,  
When such brave *Heroes* daily drop away?  
Is Summer past, or is the Harvest done,  
That such *presages* of a Storm come on?  
Sure God (as *Monarchs* do) intends  
When he recalls his choice *Ambassadors*,  
Ah too licentious World! come, look about,  
Before the Lord the bloody Flag puts out;  
When God from *Sodom* righteous Lads did call,  
*Sulphureous* Flashes did consume them all.

Another ground of my prevailing fear,  
That *England's* black *Catastrophe* is near;  
Is that, as in the Closure of the Day,  
The *Evening* Wolves do range abroad to prey;  
So *Romish* Beasts in monstrous Swarms do creep  
From their black *Caverns*, to destroy my Sheep;  
Such hate the tell-tale light, and therefore hide  
Themselves in Dens, until the *Evening* tide  
Their cursed projects are resolves of Night,  
Like silent Cuts that in the dark do bite.

Another *Symptom* of the days *declension*,  
 Is when the *Shadows* do increase *dimension*:  
 So when I look about, I plainly see  
 Our *Evening Shadows* very long to be  
 In *Human Bodies* when the *Head* grows *Hairy*,  
 It notes *Decay of Vigor, Strength and Glory*,  
*Gray hairs* are thick upon our *Ephraim's Head*,  
 His *Strength* decays, his *Face* is withered,  
 When *joints* grow *Palsy'd*, and the *Blood's congeal'd*  
 Into a *Jelly*, can the *Man* be heal'd?  
 When *Limbs* grow *stiff*, and *feeble Age* does plow  
 Its *wrinkled furrow* on the *Patient's brow*,  
 When *heat* gives place to a *benumbing cold*,  
 When *daring Fancy* cares not to be told  
 Of its *approaches* to a certain *Grave*;  
 When it rejects the *Physick* that would save,  
 The *Case* is *desperate*, for the *Patient's* just  
 Upon the *Point* to be *involv'd in Dust*:  
 Even so, (*Alas!*) this *Gasping Nation* lies  
 Under the *pressure* of *sad Afflictions*!  
 'Tis *sick at heart*, yet seems *averse* to take  
 That  *sacred Physick*, whose *Ingredients* make  
*Diseases* vanish, and would *ward the Blow*,  
 Which will (*I fear*) produce its *overthrow*.  
 Ah! must our *Glory* (like a *brittle Glass*  
 Reduced to *Fractions*) into *Atoms* pass!  
 So rude a *Chaos*! an *uniform'd confusion*  
 Threatning the whole with utter *dissolution*!

Once *Happy Isle*, I grieve at thy *condition*:  
 Where's thy *Repentance*? where is thy *Contrition*?

Thou

*The Grounds of the*

Thou hast been counted our *Emanuel's Land*,  
The Gospel seems on *Tip-toe* now to stand,  
To bid thee *farewell*: Must thy Sun so soon  
Be *set*! before it did approach to *Noon*!  
Must that *Illustrious Morning-light* be gone,  
That spread its Beams through all our *Horizon*?  
Must wretched *Malice*, and prodigious *Lust*,  
Must bare-fac'd *Bride*, and impudent *Distress*,  
Rob thee of this inestimable *Treasure*?  
How canst thou be so *pitiless*, so *cruel*  
Unto thy self? *Sin* is the *flaming dart*  
That cuts thy *Veins*, and wounds thy very *heart*.

Can *Sion* chuse but send out *mournful Cries*?

And weep thy *Downfall* in sad *Elegies*?

Within thy *Bounds* my *Tabernacles* were

Built up, and I did long inhabit here.

Thy *Gospel-glory*, and *Renown's* gone forth

Into all *Parts* and *Corners* of the *Earth*.

Thou mayst be justly still'd the place of *Yawning*

(Though made by *Foes* an *Object of Derision*)

The *Joy* of *Saints*, the *Protestant's Delight*,

The *Mark* and *Butt* of *Antichristian* *Spite*.

But if the *Crown* be ravish'd from thy *Head*,

And *Romish* *Clouds* thy *Lustre* overspread,

What *heart* so *brav'ry*, but thy *doleful Cry*

Must move to *pity*? what *relentless Eye*

Can see thy *fall*, and not dissolve to *drops*?

O *fleeting Joys*! O *dis-appearing hopes*!

O *hastning horror*! O *invading fears*!

Had I a *Sea* of never-emptie'd *Tears*,

Or,  
 My boundless, helpless grief wide open sets  
 The Sluces for its streaming Rivulets.  
 The very Air, dress'd in Prodigious forms,  
 Must groan in Thunder, and must weep in Storms.  
 Nature, of strong Convulsions tickled is,  
 To see this horrid *Metamorphosis*,  
 Where Gossam' Pastors did some Millions feed,  
 Must blind and sottish ignorance succeed?  
 Must all their Throats be cut that won't adore  
 The hateful Carcase of a Rotten Whore?  
 Must all that execrate Rome's Superstition,  
 Be Murder'd by a bloody Inquisition?  
 Must such as won't to Lash bow be broke?  
 Must flaming *Smithfield* belch out Fire and Smoke  
 Of Martyr'd Saints? must all that will not turn  
 (VVith Bibles and good Books) together burn?  
 Must *Adonish Torus*, meer *Incarnate Devils*,  
 Possess our Land, and possess it with Evils,  
 Of such an odious and abhorred Grain,  
 That but to name 'em is a *lasting Stain*?  
 Must our Renowned Ministers give place  
 To *Romish Blackbeards*? O the vile disgrace  
 Of such a Change! Must an *adulterous Priest*  
 Belch out his *Male*, where they have Preached  
 Must that *obscure and irreligious Tribe* (*Christ's*  
 VWho fetter Conscience, and regard a Bribe  
 Beyond their Souls, be Leaders to our Flocks?  
 Must *poutry Blasphemy*, and those *Apish Adorers*,  
 Mis-call'd Devotion, fill the House of Prayer?  
 Must Pestilence infect our *purer Air*?

Must

## *The Groans of the Protestant Church.*

41

Must *Satans* be translated to our life,  
And filthy *Priests* our chastity desile?  
Must *Satans* Factors in a humane shape,  
On modest *Virgins* perpetrate a Rape?  
Must all our painful *Ministers* be driven  
To fiery *Stakes*, if they renounce not *Heaven*?  
Must our dear *Infants* lose their harmless lives  
In flaming *Faggots*, or with *Papish Knives*?  
Must guiltless *Blood* through all our *Streets* rebound  
A mournful *Echo*? must the horrid sound  
Of *Axes*, *Whips*, and dreadful *Scourges* tear  
Our aking hearts, and pierce the yielding *Air*?  
All this will be, if *Rome* can but prevail!  
*Amazement* stops my *Speech*! my *Spirits* fail!  
I only can in *Interjections* cry,  
I sink in *Trances*! O! I dy, I dy!

## *Sion's Children.*

**A**H! how can we wish any *Patience* bear  
This sad *Complaint*? Can any *Children* bear  
Their *Mother* delug'd in a *Sea* of *Grief*,  
And not stop in to give her some relief?  
Cheer up, *Illustrious Spouse*, and do not cast  
Into despair, by this approaching blast:  
*Christ* is our *Captain*, then we may be bold,  
In all our *forms*, he is our *Anchor-hold*.  
But what's this *Beast*, of whom thou dost complain?  
Whence came he first? and of what sort's his *Reign*?

*Groan*

*Give us his Marks, that we may surely know him,  
 Repel his Pride, and quickly overthrow him  
 With Universal and United Force,  
 Our Armed Legions shall impede his Course,  
 If God commands (who do's the Scepter wield)  
 We'll fight his Battels, and dispute his Field.  
 In Martial Sillogisms our Arms shall speak:  
 We'll storm his Wall, and make his Pillars quake.  
 A raging Anger in our Bosom burns,  
 Patience provok't too much, to Fury turns.*

## Sion.

**T**His Beast above (a) Twelve Hundred years  
 has bin  
 My Mortal Foe, he's call'd (b) *The man of Sin;*

(a) *The most diligent and industrious Searchers into  
 the Epoque, or beginning of Antichrist, as the learn-  
 ed Mede, Alliedius, Mr. T. L. in his Book intituled  
 A Voice out of the Wilderness, Mr. Brightman,  
 Tillingham, with several other Eminent Men, seem  
 harmoniously to agree, that the Beast began his Forty  
 two Months, or One thousand two hundred and sixty  
 (Propheatical) Days or Years, between the years 365.  
 and 455. and therefore must consequently end in a  
 short time. See Mr. Mede, page 600, and 661. To  
 confirm which, the witness of the best Chronologers,  
 Historians and Antiquaries concur; as also the po-  
 sure*



## The Growth of the Protestant Church.

of the World's Affairs, the unusual working of things, and the awakening Providences of God, which makes us hope, as Mr. Withers affirms, That this glorious Revolution will be in this present Age. And though famous Du Moulin, and some others, speak not of the Popes claiming the Title of Universal Bishop, till about the year 604. or 606. when the Traitor Phocas by the help of Boniface the 3d. murdered the Emperor Maurinus, (in requital of which, the Usurper Phocas gave the said Boniface that blasphemous Title, and decreed that the Roman Church should be Head of all Churches; Which Platina a Papist, and a Writer of the Popes Lives agrees to; as Bonifac. de 6. Aetat. Mundi, Paul. Diacon. ref. Rom. 18. Hutor. Longob. lib. 4. 11. Anast. Bihl. Vit. Bon. 3. Ado. Aetat. 6. Reg. Chron. 1. 1. Aimon. de gest. Franc. lib. 4. c. 4.) Yet the same Du Moulin seems positively to affirm, that the Persecution of the Church under the Pope, shall have an end in (or about) the Year, 1689. See his Book entitled, The Accomplishment of the Prophecies, Pag. 412. This Term once expired (saith he) the Truth that was oppressed shall lift up her head afresh, and the Witnesses shall be seen so stand up again, who shall astonish the Church of Rome, &c.

(b) 2 Thes. 2. 3. Man of Sin. is a person who is an Hebraism, and imports a person given up to Impiety and Wickedness, as Prov. 24. 5. FUNDITUR scientia, a Man of Knowledge, that is, very knowing, 2 Sam. 16. 8. FUNDITUR vir sanguis.

## The In Discreet: Or, all

A man of Blood, that is, one arrived at a Non ultra of impiety.

This introducer of blind Superstition,  
Is kill'd in in Holy War, (c) Son of Perdition,  
From Hells Abyss, at first we did proceed,  
As in the Revelations (d) you may read  
Tis he whom Daniel calls (e) the White Horn,  
By whom three more up by the Root were torn.

(c) *ὁ υἱὸς τῆς ἀπωλείας*, Son of Perdition, is also an Hebraism, and denotes, One designed for destruction, as a hopeless and graceless Wretch. Chrysost. on 1 Thes. Hom. 3 tells us he is called so, because he shall be destroyed. Piscator and Erasmus think it may be explained, one desperate, and past all hope of Honesty — the perfect Copy of his Original, Judas, who is called the Son of Perdition, John 17. 12. for he seemed an Angel, yet was a Devil — he was no Pharisee, quitted Judaism, followed Christ, was an Apostle, seemed to pity the Poor, pretended great affection to his Master, yet betrays him with a Kiss, he'd the Bag, hatch'd a Villany able to rend the Rocks and make the Earthquake — In which let all impartial men consider whether the Romish Antichrist does not exactly parallel him.

(d) Rev. 12. 7 The Beast that ascended out of that Bottomless Pit, &c.

(e) Du Moëlin, p. 379, amply demonstrates, that the person of the Roman Empire, which the Pope bears

## The Graces of the Protestant Church.

hath under him, hath such proportion, in respect of the whole Extent of the Roman Empire, as there is of 3 to 10, that is little less then the third Part, agreeable to Dan. 7. 8.

## The Marks of the Beast.

### First Mark.

**T**HE Spirit aptly does Characterize

This Mushrooms growth (f) declares he shall  
Not till a day of great Apostacy. (ante)

Corrupts true Faith and Gospel Purity:

Just so it happened at that very time,

When Romes proud Prelate did attempt to climb

To that Prodigious Grandeur which devours

Both Regal, Princely and Imperial Powers.

That such a Fall as then Predicted was,

Did ere his rising, truly come to pass,

Some Learned Writers of their own confess,

With detestation of their Wickedness.

(C) This is one way whereby we may know who the Man of Sin is, viz. He shall not be revealed until there come a falling away first, as 2 Thes. 2. 3. The Revelation of Antichrist was then to be, when there should appear some eminent Defection in the Church. Now antiquity clearly makes out when that Apostacy was; it began very early: It is affirmed by some

*Ston in Distress: Or,*

*June, The Church did not continue a pure Virgin, as  
maintained her Primitive Purity, longer than One hun-  
dred years. But however, all approved Historians  
agree, That about the beginning of the Fourth Centu-  
ry, the Apostacy of which the Apostle speaketh, was  
visible, and fully manifested: Joan. Wolfius out of  
Jerom, saith, That about the year 390. the Law  
perished from the Priest, and the Vision from the  
Prophet; Avarice and Corruption crept into the  
Church; they condemned Meats and Marriage,  
and yet gave themselves up to luxurions Banquets  
and uncleanness. In the year 326. it was endeav-  
oured in the Council of Nice, to cause Bishops and  
Elders to refrain from their Wives. See Alsted in  
Chronologia testium Veritatis. Also the said Wol-  
fius alledgeth a Saying out of Augustine, applying  
it to the year 399. who speaketh thus, That Reli-  
gion about that time was corrupted with Tra-  
ditions and Humane Rites; that the condition  
of the Jews under the Law, was easier than that  
of Christians under the Gospel. Dyonisius, in  
an Epistle hinteth, that they were burdened with  
Ceremonies and Traditions that were obtruded  
and laid upon Christians; and that the Sacraments  
both of Baptism and the Lords Supper, suffered  
great mutation, and was grievously corrupted.  
Also we find Chrysostom, declaiming against the Bi-  
shop of Rome, concerning Purgatory; which thing  
is applied to the Year 410. or thereabouts. Besides,  
we find mention made of worshipping of Images,  
which*

### *The Groans of the Protestant Church.*

which is reprehended by one Amphilochus Bishop of Iconium, as also by Epiphanius, whom we find speaking thus: Whence is this Image-Worship, and Design of the Devil? And a little after, he saith, Be mindful, my Beloved Children, that ye bring not Images into the Church, but bear about God in your hearts.

### *The Second Mark.*

**W**hen Romes great Empire to its Period (came,  
The Papal Hierarchy (b) usurpt the same,  
By hellish Craft he makes that Seat his own,  
And forms Regalia's to a Tripple-Crown.  
This Man of Sin in \* Gospel-Times we know  
Was but a hatching, and in Embrio;  
And e'er he could come to maturity,  
The † Roman Empire must dissolved be;  
Upon whose Ruines he hath built his Nest,  
And rais'd his Rampant Domineering Crest.

(h) The second thing that was to precede the coming of Antichrist, was the taking away of the Sixth Head, viz. The Hæben Empire, which in the Apostles time \* did let or hinder his Rise; He that now lettesth will let, until he be taken out of the way, and then shall that wicked one be revealed, &c. The Empire (saint du Moulin) which did bear rule, must be

be abolished and out of the Ruins thereof the Son  
of Perdition is made manifest, and exalts himself  
the Emperors hindered him, but the Empire being  
decayed in the West, and diminished in the East  
by the Saracens, the Pope found means to set up  
on the chief City of the Empire, together with  
great part of Italy, and to devour the Neighbour-  
ing Churches and Realms at his pleasure. Du  
Moulin, ubi supra, p. 119. That this was the Gene-  
ral Opinion of Antiquity, may be seen in Tertullian,  
lib. de Resurrect. cap. 24. Chrysost., 4. Sermon on  
2 Thes. The Greek Scholast. in loc. August. de Civ-  
itat. Dei, lib. 20. cap. 19. Iren. 11. quest. 10. Algernon  
Lipinus, &c. *He that would see more particularly what  
the Bishop of Rome hath made his Market, by the ru-  
ins of the Empire, let him read Signorinus his History of  
the Kingdom of Italy: In the beginning of his third  
Book he shews how Pope Gregory the Second, because  
the Emperor opposed his setting up of Images in the  
Church, forced the People to pay Tribute to him, and  
and so much so, as to name him in their Publick Services.*  
Du Moulin, p. 157. This then being out of question,  
to wit, That the Roman Empire, whereof St. Paul  
spoke, is already ruined, and that the Bishop of Rome  
thence rose to that height of Pride and Blasphemy,  
it must needs follow, that the Son of Perdition is re-  
ady, and that this is he.

The Third Mark.

**A**T first from mean estate (1) this Beast arose. Came from the Earth, and did at length oppose The former Beast, the Roman Empire; he (possibly help of Lombards chac'd from Italy, usurpt his Seat, appropriates his Power, And doth the Saints (as bad as he) devour. Popes Tragicks are the second part of his. As if that Soul by Metempsychosis (2) Surviv'd, and were translated into this. Now let all judge if Antichrist be come, That sees these Marks upon the Beast of Rome.

(1) This Beast (saith Du Moulin) rose from a small beginning and mean estate, signified by a Little Horn in Daniels Prophecy, and in the Revelations of St. John by his rising out of the Earth; according as the Latines call such as get up from a little Terra Filios as Muskrames? or Tead-stools, pag. 259. Now who is there but knows how mean and poor the Bishops of Rome were, before they came to be Earthly Monarchs? then when they had got the foot of ground, that the Emperor caused them to be whipt, imprisoned, banished, &c. but, by degrees, to what a mighty height did he rise; He exercised the Power of the First Beast by little and little, he rose the Empire upon him. (2) sat down in his very Seat.

E

afford

Ston in Distress: Or,

Assumed his Habit and Shoes of Scarlet, and counterfeited the actions and rights of the Roman Empire, taking off his Crozier Staff, he taken to himself a Crown, and is cloth'd in Scarlet, which was proper to the Emperor: the Emperor had a Senate clad in Scarlet, and he hath a Senate of Cardinals clad in Cloak of the same colour, and in many other things he seems to represent the First Feast.

### (The Fourth Mark.

**H**E doth exalt himself above all those  
Call'd Gods on earth, does by his (2) Bulls  
All Regal Edicts, that receive not their (oppose  
Obliging Sanction from his Papal Chair.  
He like a Peerless Potentate does now. (how  
Make Sovraign Throner, and Crowned Monarchs  
(1.) This is notorious to the World, though the bre-  
vity of Notes admit not room for many Examples.

(2.) Pius the Fifth sent a Bull to depose Qui Eliza-  
beth, Six Jewels View of Sedition, and Cambden's  
Elic. 1570. Tom. I. Gregory the 13. laboured  
to depose her, 10. ibid. Anno 1577. Tom. I.  
Sixtus the 4. gave her Kingdom to the King of Spain  
Anno 1588. ibid. Clement 8. Strictly committeth  
that none should inherit the English Crown, till good  
order be made, unless they be sworn and resolved  
Papists; his words are thus: Nisi ejusmodi esset,  
qui

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*The Groans of the Protestant Church.*

qui fidem Catholicam non modo toleraret, sed omni ope & studio promoveret, & more majorum iurejurando se id præstiturum suscepit, Camb. Ann. 1600. Tom. alter.

(3.) Some hold his *Stirrup*, (4.) some are made to  
Three Frosty Nights bare-footed at his Gate.  
(5.) Imperiall Heads I've prostrate at his Peck,  
And to his trampling feet submit their Neck.

(1.) Pope Adrian 4. made the Emperour Frederick  
1. to hold his *Stirrup*, and chide him for holding the  
wrong one, Balens in Act. Rom. Pont. in vii. Adri-  
an 4.

(2.) Gregory 7. made the Emperour Henry 4. his  
Empress and Child, to wait 3 days and 3 nights, in a  
Frosty Season, bare-footed and bare-legged, before  
his Gates, before they could get Audience. Id. in vii.  
Gregor. 7.

(3.) Alexander 3. Made the Emperer fall upon  
the ground, in the Temple of St Mark at Venice, the  
whole People being present, and put his foot upon  
his Neck, uttering the Psalmists words, Psal. 81.  
13. Thou shalt tread upon the Lion and the Au-  
der, the Young Lion and Dragon shall thou trample  
under feet, Id. in vii. Alex. 3. see also  
of this in the Learned Dr. White's Way of the  
Church. p. 18, 19, 20, 21.

*The Fifth Mark.*

**A** Nother Mark, He in Gods Temple sits,  
Boasting himself a God, and counterfeits  
True Holiness; when he assumed the Throne,  
There was a Temple (\*) of the Holy One  
In Rome, and did continue so, till they  
Displaced Christ, (†) and flung his Truth away.

*This expressly laid down by the Apostle, as an un-  
doubted Mark of the Man of Sin, viz. That he  
should sit in the Temple of God. Chrysost. is ve-  
ry express, Hom. 3. 2 Thes 8. 7. 8. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846. 847. 848. 849. 850. 851. 852. 853. 854. 855. 856. 857. 858. 859. 860. 861. 862. 863. 864. 865. 866. 867. 868. 869. 870. 871. 872. 873. 874. 875. 876. 877. 878. 879. 880. 881. 882. 883. 884. 885. 886. 887. 888. 889. 890. 891. 892. 893. 894. 895. 896. 897. 898. 899. 900. 901. 902. 903. 904. 905. 906. 907. 908. 909. 910. 911. 912. 913. 914. 915. 916. 917. 918. 919. 920. 921. 922. 923. 924. 925. 926. 927. 928. 929. 930. 931. 932. 933. 934. 935. 936. 937. 938. 939. 940. 941. 942. 943. 944. 945. 946. 947. 948. 949. 950. 951. 952. 953. 954. 955. 956. 957. 958. 959. 960. 961. 962. 963. 964. 965. 966. 967. 968. 969. 970. 971. 972. 973. 974. 975. 976. 977. 978. 979. 980. 981. 982. 983. 984. 985. 986. 987. 988. 989. 990. 991. 992. 993. 994. 995. 996. 997. 998. 999. 1000.*

### *The Grooves of the Protestant Church.*

their names when ruined; as said, *Iſa. l. 21.* How  
could the Faithful City become an Harlot? Could she be  
a faithful City and a Harlot too? The meaning is,  
she was so, but now thus; so *Matth. 23. 9.* *Mark*  
*7. ult.* tis said *The blind see, the deaf hear, the*  
*dumb speak, the lame walk, &c.* that is, they were  
so, but now otherwise; a Woman keeps her Hus-  
bands Name though divorced for Whoredom; so  
*Rome* (\*) was Gods Temple and Christs Church,  
but when she espoused another Head, and cast off  
her first Husband (†) and the true Faith, she be-  
came an Harlot and Synagogue of Satan, though  
bearing still the name of Church and Christian alike.  
See an excellent Treatise, intitled, *The Abominable*  
*Sin*, Printed 1677. pag. 40. &c.

### *The Sixth Mark.*

**T**His is the Beast upon whose Back the great  
Inticing Strumpet rides in Pompous State (\*)  
By him she was supported all along,  
By his Imposture she was rendred strong.

(\*) So he carried me away in the Spirit into the  
Wilderness, and I saw a Woman set upon a Scar-  
let coloured Beast, full of Names of Blasphemy,  
having seven Heads and Ten Horns, &c. *Rev. 17.*  
I will shew the Mystery of the Woman, and the  
Beast that carries her, verse 7.

This Mark that (t) Nations throws quite out o  
That says the Beast shall not arise before (Door  
The Desolation of the Scarlet Whore.

(1) It hath been a received Opinion of some Christi-  
ans of late times, that the Beast who is the Anti-  
christ or Man of Sin, shall not arise till the Whore  
be destroyed, and that when he comes he shall only  
Reign 3 Years and a half. Which Notion may seem  
strange to all considerate men; because that Beast  
who is of the 7th. and an 8th. all confess is the Man of  
Sin: and how evident is it that this very Beast bears  
up, and carries the Whore from first to last? Besides,  
consider as said, the 10 Horns of this very Beast  
shall hate the Whore, and make her desolate, how  
could the Horns hate or hurt her, if the Beasts rise  
not till she is destroyed? can there be Horns and no  
Beast? And besides, should this Notion be received,  
it might seem strange that the Holy Spirit passeth by  
all these, and takes no notice of this horrid Monster,  
and Successors of Popes, that have continued so long,  
bearing all the Marks and Characters so clearly upon  
them of Antichrist. If any should say, he doth not  
deny Christ come in the Flesh. I answer, In a  
mystery he doth, and particularly, in his ordain-  
ing of Sacrifices, as it was under the Law, which  
ended when the ~~Antichrist~~ game, and by assuming  
the place of Christ Supremacy, and Govern-

## The Seventh Mark.

**T**HE Holy Spirit most exprelly saith,  
*In latter times some shall renounce the faith.*  
That by the Spirit of Seduction led,  
*Deceive of Devils* through the Earth shall spread,  
That belch out Falshood in Hypocrysie  
And many Thousands do deceive thereby;  
*Forbidding Marriage, (\*) and the use of Meats,*  
Which God ordain'd for every man to eat.

(\*) *This is an undeniable Mark of the Sort of Per-  
dition, viz. That he shall forbid Marriages, and  
command to abstain from Meats, and who is that  
commands to abstain from Meats, and who it is that  
suffers not his Clergy to Marry, and forbids the eat-  
ing of Flesh on some certain Days and Seasons of the  
Year, is known to all. The Council of Chalce-  
saith (Canon Cap. 16.) Ut nec Eodidcata Virgines  
nec Monachus nuberic; That no Nun or Monk  
shall marry: Bellermeine in the 34. Cap. of the Book  
of Monks, styles the Marriage of Clerks and Monks  
by the name of Sacriledge; and affirms, That they  
sin less which commit Fornication after they have  
once taken a Vow, than they do which Marry  
now, and in the 19. Cap. of the First Book of Clarke  
he saith, That the Marriage of Saints is not with-  
out some sin, Pollution and Uncleaness.*

*Signs in Distress: Or,*

*General Council assembled at Trullo, to make Canons, tell us plainly in the 22 Canon, that in the Church of Rome, Whosoever will be a Deacon or Priest, must first protest that he will never any more after that have to do with his Wife, &c. — If a man be found to have broke the Ordinance of the Church, by eating Flesh in Lent, especially in the Week which they call the Holy Week, the Priest, saith my Author, hath no power to absolve him, &c. This Doctrine of the Pope, as 'tis a Mark of Antichrist, so 'tis expressly called the Doctrine of Devils.*

*The Eighth Mark.*

**H**is not content to be Supream below,  
And make all Scriptures to his Crozier bow;  
But th' impious Wretch is grown so bold: that even  
He dares affront the Majesty of Heaven:  
That God Command: is Imp of Hell controuls;  
Condemns the sav'd, and saves condemned souls;  
Himself he places in Jehovah's (a) Throne,  
As Chief of all, as Second unto none.

*(a) He shall oppose and exalt himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped, shewing himself that he is God, &c. (b) He shall speak great things against the most High, &c. (c) Thus also, Pope's manner of opposition to, and exaltation of himself above the Majesty of God, is made appear by many of his Writings; and may fully and truly of Popes be seen.*

*The Growth of the Papal Court.*

*Anglorum interitum.* The Lord Jesus (*with me*) is made  
every Lacquey to the Pope, he changes Times and Laws  
his pleasure. *God say,* Thou shalt make to thy self no gra-  
ven Image &c. The Pope takes away that Commandment,  
and declares 'tis lawful to worship Images. The Lord bids us  
Search the Scriptures; The Pope opposes this, and forbids the  
reading of them, nay burns to death those that do read them,  
and to prevent it, locks them up in an unknown Tongue.  
God pardons Sins upon Repentance, the Pope without any  
Sum of Money. The Pope can invest a sorry Priest with  
power by uttering a few words to make a God to turn bread  
into the Real Body of Christ, and have power over him to  
do with him what he pleases when he hath done, and he can  
deliver himself out of his hands.

A brace of Keys he carrys in his hand,  
To shut and open at his own Command.  
He curses and absolves, he Binds, releases,  
Puts down, advances whomsoe're he pleases,  
This is th' Apocalypstick Beast, that claims,  
sublimest Titles, and Blasphemous Names,  
With Matchless Pride, and Peerless Impudence,  
He does for Money with Gods Laws dispence  
To fill his Purse (O shameless Avarice!)  
All sorts of Sins he values at a Price (b)

(b) What Sins; is but the Pope takes upon him to pardon for  
Money; besides he makes the detestable Sin of Treason and  
Murder, if it be done in Zeal, and by his Authority, for the  
Promotion of the Pretended Holy Church, meritorious Com-  
mending black and white Sinners for Saints, in his Kalendar;  
he exalts himself above the Word of God, he usurps Gods  
Seat, by giving what Interpretation to Gods Law he pleases,  
which he makes of equal Authority with it.

The

## The Ninth Mark.

False Miracles and Lying Wonders too  
 This grand Deceiver does pretend to do (a)  
 He would make the abused World believe,  
 That he with Ease can make a Dead Man live,  
 They do such things, their *Sortish Legend* Faith,  
 Exceeds all Truth or Humane Faith;  
 Their Nature, Number, Circumstances all,  
 Done by Achievements Diabolical;  
 Their Senseless Fables, arrant Fopperys,  
 Are meer Imposures and apparent Lyes.  
 This is an Engine which the Graceless Wretch  
 Does spread abroad, the sons of Men to catch;  
 And God lets such those horrid lies believe,  
 Who Gospel-Truths would not in love receive,  
 That they might perish and be damn'd thereby,  
 The just desert of such Iniquity!

Even him whose coming is after the working of Satan  
 with all Power, and signs, and lying Wonders, 2 Thel. 2.  
 Beza (de not. Eccl. 4. cap. 14) maketh Miracles one in-  
 fallible sign of the True Church; & certain I am, the false  
 lying Wonders of the Roman Church; clearly sheweth the Pope  
 to be the Antichrist, or Son of Perdition. I have not room  
 here to recount many of them, only take one or two, by which  
 you may judge of the rest. One Becanus's Head being off  
 St. Alas Prayers made it came passing through the Air, stand  
 in the Body, and she joined them fast again, so that in one  
 hour's time the Man became as lively as ever he had been in  
 his life.



## The Grease of the Protestant Libel.

Antony's Arm, that precious Relick at Geneva, was  
kiss'd and worship'd with great Devotion, whilst Popery  
was in ground? but when the Gospel came, and the Relick was pro-  
duced, 'twas found the Pistle of a Stag. Calv. de reliq. prop-  
initium. Possibly you may have heard of the Wonders that  
Relick had done; and of St. Decumanus, who carried it home  
Held after it was cut off, to a Spring and there made it  
Blood from it. A Country Curate, saith Erasmus, carried  
Crabs, and fastning Candles to their backs, for lighting  
up and down the Church-Yard at Night, and in the morn-  
ing, after he had taken them in again, persuaded the Peo-  
ple that they were poor distressed Souls in Purgatory, and  
think such that wanted Masses and Alms: such was the  
Je-know the Proverb, No Penny, No Pater Noster: a  
Miracle to pick the Peoples Pockets. Lib. 29. Jon. Epist. p. 107.  
in Epist. Fedit. Ba. A Maid coming into a Garden, and seeing  
a Lettice to eat it, crush'd the Death-bolton her Teeth in the  
Lettice; and this poor Drab, saith Dr. Moulton, was like  
like swallowed down together with the Lettice, being com-  
mended to go out, and check'd by Equitius, excuseth himself, saying,  
Alas! what heart did I? I was sitting quietly upon the  
Lettice, and she came and bit me: the fault was in her, not  
in making the Sign of the Cross when she came to the  
Lettice. Moreover, these ridiculous impostors affirm, that  
when the Body of Pope Formosus was carry'd into St. Peter's  
Church, all the Images of the Saints that stood there, did  
him Obedience; but above all, the Miracles of the Most  
left his Provender to worship the Host, seems most ridiculous  
in King James: see his Apology, &c. Many of these  
old Miracles were wrought, as Writers relate, about the  
4. and 5. Century, and were contrived to confirm the Pope's In-  
fallible and Universal Supremacy, together with those other  
of Purgatory, Images, Praying for the Dead, &c. which  
would see more, let them read Dr. Moulton, also a Libel  
intituled, the Man of Sin.

## The Tenth Mark.

**H**is out side's smooth, he's garb'd in sheep's array,  
But inwardly a ravenous *Beast of Prey*.  
He has a *Mouth* (a) wherewith he speaks great things,  
Blaspheming the glory of the *King of Kings*.

(a) And there was given unto him a Mouth speaking great things & blasphemy, Rev. 13. 5. And he opened his Mouth against God, to blaspheme his Name and Tabernacle, and them that dwell in Heaven, ver. 6. He shall speak great words against the most High, Dan. 7. 25. This Mark of the Beast is apparently seen in the Pope, in those insolent and blasphemous Titles he assumes to himself; he is called *Christ's Vicar* or his *Viceroy* and *Lieutenant*. Bellarm. de Rom. lib. 2. cap. 2. Foundation, Head, and Husband, to the Catholic Church. His Holiness, that can be judged by no Man; he is to draw an innumerable number to Hell. Who shall say of him, what dost thou? What would you think, to bear him called The Lion of the Tribe of Judah, the Root of David? Beginning of his History Called Pope Leo the Tenth, and afterwards the Daughter of Sin not to weep saying, And she shall make her a Saviour. See Council Later. sub Leon 10. cap. 1. & 2.

He is frequently called by those of the Romish Church, Our Father, and the Pope. Rev. Jan. 22. Tit. 1. c. 1. And he blasphemes against those that dwell in Heaven, i. e. the Saints of God, so evident that they are manifestly intended for Hereticks, Schismatics, and what

The

## Groans of the Protestant Church.

### The Eleventh Mark.

'Tis He that aims at th' utter Dissolution  
Of precious Saints, by Bloody Persecution,  
That does pronounce no Christian fit to live,  
Unless they do his Beastly Mark receive.  
Forbids all Traffick, none must sell or buy,  
Except th' adorers of his Hierarchy.  
This Mark the Pope doth in his Forehead bear  
Of which full proof, is extant ev'ry where,  
The Numbers he hath (a) murder'd do summe up  
The strictest of Arithmeticks account.  
They stain'd each Nation with a Crimson Flood,  
And swelling Current of my Childrens blood.

(a) He shall wear out the Saints of the Most High, Dan. 7.  
and caused as many as would not worship the image of the  
Beast should be killed Rev. 13. 3. We find upon record, that  
Pope Innocent the 3. within the space of a few Months, made  
more than 200000 of the faithful to be slain, who were called  
Albigians, he had made all Europe to streame with blood, for  
St. Bartholomews Massacre, in the Year 1572. more than  
80000 were slain in cold blood, for the Duke of Guise, and  
Duke de Alva (both he played the butcher in Flanders) and  
under the shew of Catholick Zeal, slew millions of Protestants  
in recompence whereof the Pope gave him a Ring, and  
Consecrated Gloves; besides the infinite numbers that were  
placed; by War, Famine, Pestilence, and death, so that we  
will hear more lamentation; for then by the same way we may  
conclude Antichrist to come, and that there be many of the  
Marks and Characters do so fully meet, which the Holy Ghost  
hath given of him.

## Blow in Dissent: Or,

### Stor's Sons

These Marks are so notorious that we can  
Set of the Romish Pope, He is by Man:  
For the Church of England is only a man's  
To him (And only him) peculiar.  
The raging Monster is that Beast of Prey  
That has so long time tyrannized thus  
(With Hellish Fury) over thee and us  
Self-organisation is, by every creature in dom  
A Sacred Principle in Nature, and  
A free-born mind, must at those Tyrants spurn  
Their souls infect their souls, their Bodies burn  
In fire, the soul still rage and burn  
In the heart, without control or fear.

By what we see in Gods great Dispensations  
How difficult is the fate of Nations;  
His time is full, and in due Season he  
Will bring a great Deal to his Catastrophe  
He has in hand, and beholds with scorn,  
The whole Race. His glorious Son that's born  
Here in the world and Prince of Kingdoms too,  
And Lord of Kings, because it is his due  
The sovereign the sovereign he must yield;  
He shall be Crowned and Royal scepter wield  
Which shall serve him; Kings then have abhor'd  
His Name, and pay him Homage, as their Lord

To

*The Graces of the Church of Christ.*

To JESUS all shall bow, he shall be King,  
And to poor *Sion* shall Redemption bring,  
Till this Beasts month, and latest hour be past,  
No humane Weapon can his Rage prevent,  
To finish Persecution I'm appointed,  
Till Instruments are chosen and anointed  
For my Deliverance; your work's to pray,  
And be prepared for that blessed day,  
When *Babel* falls, and *Sion* is restor'd  
To height with of favour, with her blessed Lord,  
The day approaches, and if you would win  
Renown by Fighting, then encounter *Sin*,  
That home-bred Foe, which in your Bosome dwells,  
And like the Venome of an *Affick* works  
Through all your Virals; tis the Capital  
And grandest foe, that would betray you all,  
It corresponds with those that do expose  
To torments, all that with the *Blade* grow close,  
Till this is conquer'd I shall not cease,  
Nor be deliver'd from mine enemies,  
This Trator makes my very heart to pine,  
And does occasion most of my Complaint,  
For by conspiring with the Beast and Devil,  
I am surrounded with the present evil.

Besides these Foes of my forlorn Estate,  
There is another strong Comedore  
The Proud, Impetuous and Insinuating,  
Of whom I made a sad Complaint before,  
She with lascivious Looks and Wanton Eyes  
Prompts on to Lust and all *Debaucheries*.

By her *Salacious* and bewitching Charms,  
She does urge Great *Wiles* into her Arms,  
Surrounding Princes by her Enchantments,  
Lethrows the brave Nobility of Nations,  
Till God assist me, ere my Spirits fall:  
That True Sons of Merit may bewail,  
What to her *Wile* yield their *Illustrous* Necks,  
And *Woe* (like *Vassals*) at her *Jaunty* heels.  
Oh, they that should my *Nursing-Fathers* be,  
For *Wickedness* of Cruelty,  
Through *Whore's* influence, the *Cruel Power*  
Became a *Dreadful Engine* to devour  
The *Power* of God, and kick at the *Creator*;  
But ye there know that *Sovereign Arbitrator*  
Of all their *Destinies* is great and just,  
And *Woe* shall ere, tumble down to *Dust*.  
What pity is that *Dukes* and *Noble Peers*,  
Who *Woe* shall, should for many years  
Thus *Woe* to that *Proud, Uprising Whore*,  
And *Woe* like *Woe* have themselves, may more,  
Extend their *Troops*, and debate their *Name*,  
And bring themselves to such *reproach* and *shame*,  
By *Woe* ingaging in her *Heathen Plots*,  
Which *Woe* as them *Everlasting Plots*.  
That *Woe* shall *Woe*, who *Woe* shall *Woe*  
By *Woe* the *Conscience*, and the *Soul* begins,  
When *Woe* involves them in the *deepest guilt*,  
The *Woe* shall *Woe* to *Woe* the *Woe*.

## The Grounds of the Protestant Church.

By impious Pardons ! Yes, to such an height  
Does she, bewitch Men, that the very light  
Of *Tiburn*, cannot move them to confess  
Their load of guilt and horrid Wickedness ;  
Tis her Art, when they are passing hence  
To free their Erons with mankind's Impedence  
When they are drawn to a deserved Death,  
With lyes she makes them to reigh their breath  
She makes *them* drunk till they forget their fears  
Her Agents buzzing in their doubting Ears  
Who ( like Ill Angels ) round about them hover  
For fear they should her Rogneries discover  
When some are silent upon the fatal Block  
And Justice ready to discharge the flock  
Such is the strength of her Inebriation  
That they ( oh horrible ! ) on their Salvation  
Protest their Innocent ! when all the while  
No Treason ever did appear more vile  
Then that, for which impartial Justice hath  
Judg'd them ( as Traytors ) to deserved Death  
*Rome* ( by their frantick Resolutions, *to*  
Out-face the Sun, and *burne* ) if she could )  
The clearest Proofs, and solid Evidence  
Produced by Heaven's unerring Providence  
Ah ! Cruel Murders of dejected Souls  
That's not content, to make them *swear* *to*  
To live *in* *hell* *and* *live* *but* *quit* *their* *lives*  
Make them that *Confess* *to* *commit* *murder* *and* *kill* *men*  
She, to encourage Treasons, does prefer *to*  
Whole *Treasures* *to* *murders* *in* *her* *Calendar*

## VISIONS &amp; Sons. Inc.

And when we find that the interest are so young, and the money paid for are, which way to find out, they differ, pray tell us therefore, what the *interest* distinguished from the *Wages*

# MISSION.

The Pope's the Pope, usurping over all,  
 A Power Supreme and Magilstrical,  
 Charles Beall does, in the strictest sense,  
 Resist his secular Prominence.  
 The Pope's Empire left the Ruling Seat,  
 And from the throne and from the grey great  
 Charles Beall, by his craft allude,  
 To the Pope's Empire, the Pope's Empire.

*This Wave cannot be the Be*

*[The following page contains extremely faint, illegible markings.]*





And She is Disposed On, and

## SIONS Sins.

Oh Sion! (Indign'd by her Pious) will  
To such this Where, that our great God  
Will punish her Treasons, say more amply  
The wicked Sins and Nations thus destroy.  
Let her drink in that Invention's Cup,  
The Sinner as shall be not fill it up;  
Will she not say, provoked by flaming fire,  
Will she not say, and burn her in the Fire?

## SION.

Who instrumental in that work shall be  
To do well the Sacred Scriptures, you  
Will say, I will say, I may say  
And thus we may you do understand,  
We have no content on the other hand;  
As 'twas fore-told in Sacred Scripture story  
You're enlighten'd with the Angels glory;  
After my Children who were in  
From this Angel they could not receive  
My Children brought forth in the latter days  
And a great number of them shall be  
And thus you may see how I will say  
The Lord when they are in the latter days  
I will bring them forth in the latter days  
To the whole World, I will much glory bring  
The

# Chapter V. The Church / Jerusalem

Then shall the Gates of Heaven be open to the  
And Men instead of Horses shall feed and drink  
Gods Worship shall be in freedom throughout  
Zion's Locust then shall you no more see  
There shall be then a wonderful increase  
Of Sion's glory and of Israel's peace, and Zion  
Then shall my Children in sweet comfort sing  
Hymns of joy to the Eternal King  
No names then of distinction more shall be  
But speak one Language all they shall agree  
In peace and Chastity and Holiness  
But to rely on what you have experienced  
At present you must keep your selves ready  
Make no attempts until the Lord so highly  
Does give you strength this shall be his delight  
You now do seem to die as persons dead  
As being unable to trust your heads  
But then you shall appear to be alive  
The Spirit of the Lord shall you receive  
God hath (I know) set down the signs  
When hee'll begin his strange and dreadful work  
To the confusion of your Enemies from you  
When God shall call his Witnesses of truth  
Then from the Heavens they shall hear a voice  
Which shall make all their Spirits astonished  
Then shall they know it evident & true  
That they are righteous shall no longer fall  
With praise thanksgiving with joy and gladness  
Until his Father's strength be seen abroad  
To show you are made your Expectation  
For from him only is my expectation

Which thou, and all your Saints possess,  
And I must come up to his presence I desire  
When you will sit in those glorious days,  
Of the Church, I'm made the only praise,  
And I'll lift up my voice to God on high,  
And make my name to him, and thus will cry.

## STIONS Prayer.

Lord of Heav'n, consider my Estate,  
For we remain no longer defined,  
I have been most precious in thy sight,  
And therefore my Perfection might;  
But thy Blessing to thy Children move,  
To render all of Parental love.  
Hail Son of Man? And the Beast grow steady  
In his proud Seat? Hail thou not yet already?  
What some advantage, or what Gospel good,  
Is to be said for, from the wicked Brood?  
Canst thou expect that I serve the heathen now?  
And they more than to bless the World below?  
When thy Poor Son? If then we live he  
In sin and iniquity,  
Then by our fortune, dear Lord, I go,  
In Mercy Power, and a Christian's  
And thus thy saving Gospel Teachings preserv'd?  
Or in pure Worship to him, Alas, how?  
Will these mock of the innocent and good,  
And not weeps that with their crying blood?  
Will

## The Growth of the Protestant Church

Will they make Judgment in right counsel? Is god  
Expurgate Vice? Make Rightconduct to flow  
Like mighty streams? Are they in Covenant  
With thee? Or wert thou ever pleased to give  
Them any Promises that they should wear  
The sacred badges of thy Name? And should they  
The Sovereign Rule? Will Fathers, and young  
Within thy Church, be priz'd and honour'd thus?  
Shall they not rather, by their barrenness, be  
Be Butcher'd, for obeying thy Commands?  
Will not thy Childrens Souls in danger be  
Of swift Damnation by Rome's blasphemy?  
If Laud on Earth and Praises will be given,  
If Hallelujahs will be sung in Heaven,  
To thy great Name, for raising Babylon,  
And bringing *Sion* to Destruction?  
If then the Door of Grace, be open'd more,  
For Mens Salvation, then it was before,  
If Sinners access unto the blessed *Tree*,  
Be made more free; If cure of Soul Diseases  
Be then more easy, then let *Sin* fall,  
And *Rom* usurp Dominion over all.  
But if in sight of thine all-seeing Eye,  
Their Monstrous Crimes are of thine black dye,  
If from their very Springing, they have been  
The vilest Wretches, and the worst of Men,  
If for the future they intend to be  
The perpetrators of all Villany,  
If their black sin, of gross Idolatry,  
Pride, horrid Murders and Adultery,

Mount

Thou art up to Heaven great Imperial Throne,  
Thy Dominion makes thy Church a Groan,  
If they will turn thy Statutes and improve  
All Blessings that Great God of Goodness doth bestow,  
Thou wilt be made a Sacrifice to their Rage,  
Thou wilt be trod without thy Covenants,  
Thou wilt be trampled on thy precious Saints;  
If they will turn thy Word of Promise into Mocking,  
Thou wilt be made a Mocking, from a sinking Grave,  
Thou wilt be made a Mocking, and blaspheme thy Name,  
And put thy Faithful ones to open shame.

Psalm 124: 36  
Thou shalt be made a Mocking, if my power is gone,  
In that I trust, believe thee there is none.  
Thou shalt be made a Mocking, from her Foes deliver,  
O draw some flaming Arrows from thy Quiver,  
To quench the pride of this oppressing Power,  
Thy mighty Arm alone can them subdue,  
O that I may on thy Name Reliance  
Thou art my help, I bid them all defiance,  
Fear and confound, for thy Mercy sake,  
Thou art my help, my comfort, my compassion take,  
I have been sanctified with thy precious Blood,  
Of thy dear Son, and fed with Heavenly Food,  
O Lord I pray, thy Churches sins forgive,  
And in sweet concord let thy Children live;  
Teach them true saving knowledge from thy word,  
That they may worship Thee with one accord,  
Then can the Prostrate sinner, & cure his wound,  
Is nothing difficult for Thee is found, Thou

The Growth of the Fig-tree. Psalm 92.

Thou knowest my grief, O Lord, be not far from me,  
Revive my hope, and chase away my fear.  
In Achens Valley open thou a Door,  
And make me sweetly sing as heretofore.  
I pray thee break the Bonds of my distress,  
And lead me from this desolate Wilderness.  
O let me shine like Sols illustre Light,  
And be an Army terrible in fight.  
Pull off that Vail that does thy Sins cover,  
Those clouds, O scatter that I may discover  
What thou dost mean by this thy disposition,  
And what my work is in this Generation.  
Its time for thee to plead thy Peoples cause,  
When wicked men make void thy righteous Law.  
Thou canst destroy them with thine bright Sword,  
And lofty Cedars, O with roots pull up.  
But Lord remember for to spare the Vine, *Psalm 124*  
That spreading Plant which thou hast chosen,  
Make that no Sonrie, and be ever green,  
And full of clusters as before. *Psalm 124*  
From Egypt thou hast brought it here, *Psalm 124*  
From thence I pray deliver it once more, *Psalm 124*  
Let thine hand plant it, give it steadfast Foot,  
That all the Land may Feast upon its Fruit.  
O let its Cordial Juice the Nation fill,  
And let its boughs o're shadow every Hill.  
From Sea to Sea do thou her branches send,  
And her, from all her Enemies defend.  
Make up her Hedge, her Fence, be thou a Wall,  
To keep her from the violence of all.

Ra-





# SIONS

**M**ourn, mourn O Heavenly, and thou O Earth  
 And weep ye Saints until your Spirits fail  
 For she that is the glory of the Earth  
 Of the most Noble and illustrious Birth  
 Eyes sadly weeping in a deep despair  
 Her grievous sorrows, can no tongue declare  
 O that our brethren would, but hasten hither  
 That in Gods fear we may cheer one another  
 You must needs grieve, which her sorrows you  
 Do not your hearts dissolve into a tear?  
 Do not your Eyes like to a Fountain stream  
 And all your joys, turn to a mourning Theme  
 Does not your mighty reason you despair?  
 Are you not pierced to the very heart?  
 Are you not in the depth of bitterness,  
 Because of Sion and her sore distress?  
 How can your hearts delight in things below?  
 How can you sleep in peace as others do?  
 How can we comfort have, or Pleasure find?  
 Or how can we the Worlds concerns mind?  
 How can we eat or drink with hearty content,  
 And not with grief poor Sions state lament?  
 How can we bear our Mothers doleful cries,  
 She sighs, she sobs, she languishes, she dies,  
 In dreadful Agonies, in bitter pain,  
 How can we brook her Enemies disdain?

She

She is reproached by ev'ry Drunken Sot,  
 And thrown away like to a broken Pot.  
 She is despised and trod upon like Dung,  
 The Drunkard on her makes his dayly Song:  
 But yet I will turn and will expostulate  
 With him touching her Estate,  
 Why art thou thus cast up and down again?  
 Sometimes at ease, sometimes in bitter pain?  
 They doubtless know'st, cheat up and do not  
 For thy deliverance is very near. [fear  
 These burning pains shall speedily cease,  
 Fear not thou shalt not die, one or five more  
 Shall bring thee child as the World which thou  
 Hast loved'st with in bitter pains will now,  
 Assist thy self to God, for surely he  
 From these thy Tortures will deliver thee.  
 Give him thy heart and bring unto the Lord  
 And he will give strength and vigour to bring forth.  
 Then stay thy self upon this blessed Lord,  
 His gracious hand he will to thee afford,  
 Upon his Promises do soon depend  
 And thou shalt see deliverance in the end.  
 These words of comfort like a Cordial wrought  
 And to her sense inspiring, *Sister Mary* how  
 With languishing looks, she cast a weeping Eye  
 Upon her Children and Rememb'red  
 How she had first of all her children  
 And all children, the Lord's children,  
 How we brook her tender love

## The Great of the Trinity and Earth

### SION

I Am afraid my God hath me forlook,  
My sighs he minds not, scarce bestows a look;  
His former pity, he hath quite forgone,  
His Anger's kindled & his wrath is now on me;  
When that burns sore, how can I stand?  
How am I spoil'd; how am I rent and torn?  
I'm like a Ship with raging Tempests tost  
Midst Rocks and Sands, all ready to be lost.  
Where every Bellow does present a grave,  
And Death in Triumph rides on every wave.  
Ah! But I am, engraven on his hand,  
And in his sight for evermore shall stand.  
Awake, O Arm of God and do not slay,  
My sorrows are so great, O say not nay.  
Hear me, dear Jesus, unto thee I cry,  
Unless thou save me, I must surely die.

### CHRIST

I N glorious Regions of approachless light,  
Where Joys unmixt with perfect love unite,  
There do I sit, there do I see and hear  
What Kings and Potentates consulting are,  
Resounding in mine Ears continually,  
I hear a bitter and complaining cry.

And my Bowels with compassion move,  
And therefore 'tis the voice of one I love,  
The whom I purchased with my dearest blood,  
From drinker in tears and drowned in a flood,  
From grievous sorrow, or great tribulation,  
From her this doleful lamentation,  
Enough to pierce my tender heart again,  
And make the Temple rend once more in twain.  
Alas poor Jew! thy sad voice I hear,  
Thy tears and help thee, for I know thy fear,  
And what compass these thy languid Moans,  
I know thy Torment, and I hear thy Groans.  
Till I can fill the blustering Winds and Seas,  
And in thy greatest Anguish give thee ease.  
Till I can wound, and cure: I build, I break,  
I kill, I make alive, I give and take  
And can (if I think fit) make Nations shake,  
And Kingdoms rattle, reel, and topple:  
I for thy sake, strange things will quickly do.  
In thy affliction, great distress, and pain,  
Of which thou dost, so grievously complain,  
I am afflicted: What they do to thee,  
Of hurt or wrong, I take as done to me;  
I tender thee as th' Apple of mine Eye,  
Fear not therefore thy proudest Enemy,  
Although with Foes thou art environ'd now,  
All power and wisdom is mine: and I know how  
To strengthen thee, and make them all to bow,  
I will arise and show my Sovereignty:  
I'll make them to the Rocks and Mountains fly,  
Though

The Cryes of the Oppressed

Though with the Powers of Hell they have conspired,  
I will pursue them, & they shall not find I haue  
A hiding place my vengeance to avoid,  
Kill by my Fury they be all destroy'd.  
I will bring down each high and lofty head,  
Their mighty ones like Mortar I will tread.  
Thy cause Ile plead, though silent I haue stood,  
Ile be reueng'd for all the Righteous blood,  
That has run down like to a mighty flood.  
And therefore now, Ile make no long delay,  
What's due to Justice, they shall surely pay;  
Besides the bloody wrongs thou dost repeat  
The crying Martyrs loudly do intreat  
Me to avenge their blood therefore I will  
Come down in fury, and those Monsters kill;  
Then thou before me very strong shalt wax,  
For Ile make thee my dreadful Battle Ax.  
Thy Horn shall Iron be, & thy hoof Brass I race,  
With which thou shalt tread down the Serpents  
Thy Sons that scatter'd dore the Earth throughout  
I will soon gather with a mighty shout.  
The mighty they shall overcome with Slings,  
And bind in Fetters persequing Kings.  
Ile lay thy Stones with Colours fair and sure,  
Thy strong Foundation shall be Saphyrs pure.  
Although I seem'd to haue forsaken thee,  
Yet, from all bondage I will set thee free.  
Though I haue thee afflicted heretofore,  
Ile turn my hand upon the bloody Whore,  
Because thou dost my holy Name profane,  
Ile break in pieces them that thee oppress:

A-m'd

# Salve to David's Son;

Arm'd with Commission from the Great Jehovah  
 I will come down and all thy Griefs remove.  
 All Weapons form'd against my Son, shall  
 Unprosperous prove, for I will break them all  
 I'll teach thy Children, give thee lasting Peace  
 Converted Gentiles shall the Church increase.  
 Though wicked Men with words, do thee deride  
 Thy Borders I'll enlarge on every side.  
 Each hungry Soul with plenty I will feed  
 The Earth I will divide among thy Seed.  
 I've promised that they shall the world possess;  
 And will perform it now in Righteousness.  
 I will descend unto my Holy Hill,  
 The Earth with knowledge I will quickly fill.  
 I will suppress all Luxury and Riot,  
 The *Aspens* in my presence shall be quiet.  
 Above all Kings I shall exalted be,  
 And Rule the Earth with Sovereign Majesty.  
 When all the Kingdoms in the World are mine,  
 Then thou in Beauty like a Queen shalt shine  
 And with thy Children in sweet Comfort sing  
 Triumphant Halleluhs to your King.

## 310 N

**O** Matchless Grace, & Love beyond degree!  
 Now I am certain there is none like Thee.  
 In Heav'n or Earth, were there ten thousand more  
 For thou hast found a Salve for every Sore.

Bar A

Transl.

*Garden of the Protestant Church.*

Transported by the love, with joy I cry,  
Ravish'd Spirit must exalt the high  
And mighty Lord, by whose unbounded grace,  
My hearts enlarg'd to run the blessed Race;  
Thou shalt conduct me to thy living springs:  
From thence I'll mount up, as with Eagles Wings;  
Unto the Heavenly Mount of Faith's desire;  
There I thy Grace and Glory will admire;  
Then I'll descend from those Abodes above,  
To be embraced in the Arms of Love.  
I'll hold thee fast, and never let thee go,  
For by thy loss, 'O what a Depth of Wo  
Did I sustain! In what a dreadful Case  
Was I, when thou didst hide thy glorious face!  
Thee having, though nought else, what have I not?  
Without thee, though all else, what have I got?  
Lord having all things, and not thee, what have I?  
Let me enjoy but thee, what further crave I?  
Without thee nothing is of worth to me;  
All things are vile when once compar'd to thee.  
To be thy Portion, Lord, thou didst me chuse;  
And thou my Portion art: I'll ne're refuse  
So rich a Grace: thou art my Heritage;  
Thou art a God of Love from Age to Age,  
And therefore evermore I'll dwell with thee;  
For thou alone, my Hiding-place shalt be.  
In time of trouble and of fury great,  
I will unto thy Holy Name retreat;  
Which is a sure defence to all that fly  
With care and speed from their Iniquity.

*Sion in Distress: Or,*

When I was down, thou lift'est me upon high,  
And I thy Name will therefore magnify.  
O Lord, with Patience I will undergo  
Their indignation, for I well do know  
I have provok't thy great and glorious Name,  
Which is the cause that I do suffer shame:  
Although at present I am low and mean,  
Poor and despis'd, and so long time have been;  
Thou canst all Sorrows to thy Sion bless,  
I therefore, in thy Pleasure acquiesc;  
I'll wait upon thee, till thou dost arise  
To break in pieces all mine Enemies:  
My precious Cause then I do leave with thee,  
Which thou, O Lord, wilt surely plead for me;  
Thy Voice is to my ravish'd Soul so sweet,  
That I'm reviv'd, and set upon my feet:  
I'll speak thy Praise in Songs, because I see  
That Glory near, which thou hast promis'd me.

And now thou bloudy Whore, that art my Foe,  
My time's at hand, which thou shalt quickly know.  
My God has not forsaken me, for now  
He will advance me, and make thee to bow:  
Then shalt thou hide (for shame) thy filthy head,  
Whilst I, in Triumph, shall upon thee tread;  
Because so long, thou hast upon me trod,  
And in Contempt hast said, Where is thy God?  
He will therefore in Right retaliate,  
And bring just Vengeance on thy curst Pate.

Babylon



# The Groans of the Protestant Church.

## Babylon.

**P**OOOR Sion ! thou art much mistaken ;  
I'm mounted high, thou art forsaken ;  
Sure thou art Frantick, when thou do'st  
Make such a vain and groundless boast ;  
The final Conquest must be mine,  
And swift Destruction must be thine ;  
For all my Wounds I've got a Cure,  
From all your Darts I am secure,  
I am arriv'd at height of Bliss,  
My Glory in it's Zenith is.  
I am a Queen, and shall remain  
Supreme on Earth, I only reign  
In glitt'ring Grandure over all.  
Great Monarchs Me their Mistress call ;  
How can I fall, when such a Prop  
Supports, as my Lord God the P O P E ?  
All Men on Earth, His Vassals are,  
Who sits in Peter's Holy Chair ;  
The Empire of the World he bath,  
He keeps the Keys of Hell and Death.  
Dost think he fears the little tricks  
Of thy small brood of Hereticks ?  
He can make use (when he doth please)  
Of Peter's Sword, as well as Keys.  
His Cannons roar, as loud as Guns,  
To crush thy feeble, Pigmy-Sons.  
Let but his Bulls give an Alarm,  
He'll make all Christendom ex Arm  
G a good I mdy y Them

4      *Sion in Distress: Or,*

*Thyself in my defence; and work  
Thy Overthrow; didst thou not look  
Hundred Years, that none could see,  
I know, what was become of thee?  
Who could rend thy force asunder,  
That still the Strength to keep thee under:  
Who will thee in Subjection keep,  
That thou shalt not dare to peep  
When I not armed with Power  
Of all the Earth? I can devour  
Thy Int'rest at a single Mess,  
I have six Cooks such Means to dress;  
Thy Imperial and the Regal Sword  
I'll brandish'd when I give the Word:  
Great Princes, Dukes, and Nobles will  
With all their force My Mind fulfil;  
My Gentry who brave Heroes are,  
Resolved be, no Pains to spare;  
Their Very Lives they'll freely spend  
To bring my Purpole to an end:  
My Brisk Mounfieurs, My Spanish Dons,  
Will over-match thy silly Sons:  
My Rogues in Grains I ready have,  
Obedient like a Turkey Slave;  
If bid to thrust their bloody Knives  
In Throats of Father, Children, Wives,  
In any's but their own they'll dart,  
And lay them sprawling in my Foot:  
Two Teagues and Tongs an' thy Heck,  
Wallowing their Heads in Chicknes Neck;*

*Try'd*

## Groans of the Protestant Church

*And Villains! that will never start  
From Mothers Womb to tear the hearts out  
Of Unborn-Infants; they'll deflower,  
Then rip her up in half an hour:  
Faint Rogues will melt with qualms of fears  
At Fathers Groans, or Mothers Tears;  
But mine are void of any Sense,  
Not plagu'd with bawling Conscience.  
To some I gave not constant pay,  
Yet they can hunt and live by Prey.  
Tear Infants that (like Carps) are stew'd  
In their own blood, their Chops have chew'd  
The Fathers Cawls shall make a light  
For those Sweet Banquets of the Night.  
What e're my greedy Stomach craves,  
But Nod, 'tis done, by ready Slaves:  
They know no scruples nor dispute,  
But act just like a Turkish Mute.  
Besides all these, I could describe  
Vast Multitudes of my Sacred Tribe:  
My Clergy makes a num'rous Host,  
That wait in swarms in every Coast.  
Yea, ev'n in all Rebellious Regions,  
I have in secret Armed Legions:  
A Great Grandee my Ensign carries,  
The Jesuits are my Janisaries.  
Thou see'st what Troops do guard my Chair;  
What canst thou do then but Despair?  
Thou see'st me lodg'd in safe abode,  
Whilst thou'rt forsaken by thy God.*

*Sion in Distress : Or,*

*How doubtless pleas'd with my behaviour,*

*For I alone have got his Favour.*

*The Apocalyptick Prophecy*

*Thou falsely do'st to me apply;*

*For I from Sin am wash'd clean;*

*Thou art the Whore, he there does mean;*

*I am the Church, and therefore I,*

*Thy Threats, Thy GOD, and Thee, Desie.*

**S I O N.**

**L**eave off leave off, thou *Bloudy minded Whore*;  
Imagine not that thou shalt *Evermore*  
Thus *Domineer* in *Pomp and saucy Pride*,  
For God e're long, thy *Rulers will divide*  
Those *Mighty Ones*, in whom is *all thy Trust*,  
Long shall not hold, but into *pieces must*  
Be surely broken: thou shalt quickly see  
The *swift beginning* of thy *Misery*,  
Those that did love thee *most*, will hate thee *so*,  
That they will seek thy utter *Overthrow*;  
As was their *love*, their *hatred* then will be,  
And to *destroy* thee they will all *agree*,  
Thou hast *inlaw'd* them to thy *brutish Lust*,  
Whilst they (like *simple Fools*) in no wise durst  
Offend or cross thy *base and bloudy mind*;  
That they have been *bewitch'd*, they then will find,  
By thine *alluring Voice*, and *lustful Eye*,  
To joyn with thee in *black Iniquity*,  
Thy *Flatteries* shall then no more *deceive*;  
Nor thy *base Whoredoms* thousands more *bercave*

OF

## The Groans of the Protestant Church.

inward peace, and outward riches, so  
they have been, to their eternal Wo:  
Then shall they see thy Villanous Intent,  
in setting them against the Innocent.  
To Glue thy Base Adulterous Desire,  
Their sinful hearts were in a flaming Fire,  
And through the Instigation of the Devil,  
Became partakers of this Monstrous Evil.

But, what approaches? Hark! methinks I  
some Dreadful Noise see how the Mountains te:  
And Mighty Hills do into pieces fly,  
Whilst Lightning flashes through the Angry S  
The Stars and Planets in Confusion hurl'd,  
Have banisht Natures Order from the Worl  
See how the Melting Orbs of Heav'n sweat,  
Like Parchment Parcht, and shrivel'd up w  
Loud Thunder-Cracks through the Enraged,  
With frightful Aspects Meteors do appear,  
To usher in the Day of Heav'ns dread Ire  
On those, who do against the Saints conspire.  
Gods (long incensed) Majesty is come  
To judge the Whore. and pass her final Doom.  
Of Treason she is under an Attainder,  
For which Impartial Justice will arraign her.  
She's seiz'd upon, and in the Taylors hands,  
Who only waits for Justices Commands.  
Jehovah bids, that Babylon the Great  
Be forthwith brought before his Judgment-Seat

## Justice.

**M**ost Sovereign Lord, who is't darest gainst  
 What thou command'st? I must and will  
 Do, here I bring the *Scarlet Scrumpet* forth (obey)  
 Before thee, who createdst Heav'n and Earth:  
 Thy Judgement-Seat she seems to slight and scorn,  
 Says she's as *guiltless as the Child unborn*.

## J E H O V A H.

**H**er Crimes lay open, and her faults declare;  
 Turn up her Skirts and let her Faults appear,  
 Let th' Universe by her Indictment see  
 The cause of my just Severity.

## Justice.

**D**read Sovereign of the World; I will proceed  
 And will her *black Indictment* loudly read.  
 Come forth, *Great Whore*, and hear your dismal  
 Charge,  
 Which shall by *Proofs* be evidenc'd at large,  
 By the Name of *BABYLON*, thou'rt hither cited,  
 And by the name of *Whore*, thou stand'st indicted.  
 Thou void of *Grace*, and Gods most *Holy Fear*,  
 To *Satan's Machinations* didst adhere,  
 With him, to Plot against thy *Sov'reign Prince*,  
 To whom thou oughtest to yield *Preheminence*.  
 In *Ancient times* he saw thine only *Sposa*,  
 (Our *Holy Law* no *Bigamy* allows)  
 Yet thou hast him perfidiously forsook,  
 And to thy self another Husband took;

And

*Groser of the Protestant Church. 89*

and with a graceless *Impudence* art led  
 thy lewd Train, to an *Adulterous Bed*,  
 thou hast detron'd him, and thy *brazen face*,  
 sets up a *Monstrous Traytor* in his place,  
 to whom thou hast *Blasphemous Titles* given,  
 exalting him above the *God of Heaven*,  
 thou hast not only play'd th' *Adulteress*,  
 but in *Idolary* thou dost profess;  
*Treason, Murder, Theft*, (abhorred things)  
 Burning Citys, poysoning of Kings,  
 Underming States, and furthermore,  
 Spoiling Trade, and making Kingdoms poor,  
 horrid Plots, of causeless bloody Wars,  
 and of contriving cruel *Massacres*,  
 thou guilty art; thy bloody Rage has hurl'd  
 Millions of *Innocents* out of the World;  
 Millions Numbers have in divers Lands  
 been Sacrific'd by thy blood-thirsty Hands;  
 satiate *Butcheries* that know no end,  
 Thou stabd'st men, when thou pity didst pretend.  
 In times of Peace thy horrid rage has shed  
 blood without Measure, thou hast murdered  
 (Presious Wretch) thy nearest Neighbours when  
 They thought themselves the most secure of men,  
 Thou hast made Currents of their guiltless blood  
 To run like Waters of a mighty Flood;  
 so void of Pity, your *inhuman rage*  
 Destroy'd the *Sabbath*, and spar'd no Sex nor age,  
 speak *Bloody Whore*, hold up thy Graceless Head,  
 wile, or Not? By Law thou art so plac'd.

Babylon

*Sion in Distress : Or,*

*Babylon.*

**L** Ock down, Blest Virgin : and bid Justice stay :  
Speak to thy Son to drive my Foes away :  
Thou Glorious Saints, who near St. Mary stand,  
In my distress, lend me your helping hand :  
All Angels, and Arch-Angels I invoke,  
To strengthen me, and to divert the Stroke :  
These Hereticks will work my overthrow,  
I am amaz'd, I know not what to do,

*Belzebub.*

**W** Hat needs my Darling thus to stand and pause :  
Thou know'st the Custom of our Romish Laws,  
Though black as Hell, yet be not so forlorn :  
Swear, that thou'rt guiltless, as the Child unborn :  
What Violence to Hereticks you do,  
Is Lawful, honest, and your Duty too.

*Justice.*

**P** Lead Vile Delinquent : or thou shalt receive  
The Fatal Sentence which I am to give.

*Babylon.*

**I** Do affirm the Charge is false, and I  
All Points of this Indictment do deny.  
Produce your Proofs, I'll stand in just Defence  
Of my apparent, spotless Innocence.

*Justice.*



*The Groans of the Protestant Church. 91*

*Justice.*

Hat like a Harlot, of thine one accord,  
Thou hast forsaken thine Espoused Lord,  
Will be made evident (to thy disgrace)  
In clear probation in its proper place.  
You say, that you your God can daily make,  
Which is an Idole of a Wafer Cake.  
Thou dost Shrines and Images adore,  
And prov'd to be th' Apocaliptick Whore;  
Thou upon the Scarlet Beast doth sit,  
And Lewdness with so many Kings commit;  
It clearly follows from these Marks, that thou  
Art a meer Strumpet, and hast broke thy Vow.  
Thou art by the Papal Edicts led,  
Dis-owning Christ, and making that thy Head:  
The consequence is clear, for thou must be  
Guilty of Whoredom and Idolatry.  
And to examine thy Notorious Deeds,  
This great Tribunal out of hand proceeds:

*Call in the Witnesses—*

*Waldenses, Albigenfs, Protestants of Piedmont,  
Savoy, &c.*

-----  
**D** Read Lord. we're here,  
And with our just Complaints do now appear  
That Bloudy Whore, the Prisoner at the Bar,  
Has follow'd us with a perpetual War,  
Because we would not to her Idols bow,  
Nor her cur'd Edicts and base pranks allow

*About*

*in Distress: Of*

About the dismal Year of *Fifte Five*,  
 A dreadful *Massacre* she did contrive  
 Within the Territories of *Savoy*,  
 Where thirty thousand Souls she did destroy  
 In three days time, Curs'd *Edict* bid them turn  
 To *Papery*, or they must hang or burn.  
 Which when those *Innocents* refus'd to do,  
 Most horrid *Execution* did ensue;  
 Our Brethrens Brains out of their Heads were beat  
 And by her *Imps* were fry'd and after eaten:  
 Our Children rent to pieces, thrown to Dogs,  
 And our dear Pastors hung (as Meat) to Hogs;  
 Others on Pikes into the Air were tost,  
 And many others they alive did roast: (hearts,  
 Some ty'd with Ropes they pierc'd unto the  
 And hanging others by their *Secret Parts*.  
 Houses and Barns full they have burnt, so that  
 Our *Sufferings* are beyond an *Estimate*.

*Bohemia, Germany, Poland, Lithuania, &c.*

**T**O satish this cruel *Scurrish* Lust,  
 Some thousands have been turned unto dust:  
 Our Towns and Famous Cities of Renown  
 She hath dispeopled, burnt or broken down:  
 The Ruins still appear and Desolations  
 In many places of our *Spoiled Nations*.  
 Great Multitudes un-numbered were our Slain,  
 Which in the Field unburied did remain:  
 Our Brethren they have hung upon a Beam  
 And they consum'd them in a lingring flame.

Some

*Grounds of the Protestant Church.* 93

she has into boyling Canldrons put,  
and many others into pieces cut,  
without respect unto the *Heary Head*,  
to their *throats* they pour'd down melted *Lead*,  
and many other deaths she did contrive:  
some burned were, and others fled alive.  
In deep *Mines*, three thousand Souls and more,  
several times were tumbled by this *Whore*;  
because they would not their *Religion* leave,  
and unto *Romish Superstitions* cleave,  
that worthy Man *John Huss*, was burn'd to death,  
crowning of the *Apostolick Faith*;  
some of *Prague*, to fill her Measure up,  
made, soon after, drink of the same *Cup*.  
were endless to enumerate our grief:  
from thee, *Just Judge*, we do expect Relief.

*France.*

AH! How shal I my inward grief disclose?  
What *Tongue* is able to recount my *Woes*?  
Prodigious Numbers of my *Natives* have,  
by this *Whores* means, found an untimely *Grave*.  
The barb'rous *Harlot* would not be content  
to kill or drive them into *Banishment*;  
but with unheard of *Crueltys* she must  
their *Bodys* mangle, to assuage her *Lust*;  
some hang'd in *water*, yield their strangl'd *breath*,  
some brain'd on *Anvils*, some were starv'd to death  
some hall'd with *Pullies*, till the *Top* they meet  
With heavy *Weights* and *Loads* upon their feet,  
Rap't

Rap't Maidens stab'd, poor Infants yet unborn,  
 From *Mothers Wombs* by bloody hands were torn  
 How many thousand guiltless *Christians* were  
 Butcher'd in the *Parisian Massacre*?  
 Some broke on *Crosses*, some were cut in twain,  
 Whilst others languish in a lingering pain.  
 Our worthy Kings have lost their *Noble Lives*  
 By *Jesuits Poyson* and by *Monks Knives*.  
 I can produce an uncontroul'd *Record*  
 Of many Thousands Murder'd by the *Sword*.  
 It would require whole *Volumes* to transcribe  
 The bloody acts of this *Infernal Tribe*.  
 Deep dolour hinders what I would say more,  
 O *Glorious Judge*: avenge me on this *Whore*!

*Italy, Spain, Portugal, Low Countries, &c.*

**R** Enowned Judge: those *VVitasses* that have  
 Their Grief presented and do Judgment crave  
*Save us much labour, for we heretofore*  
*Have felt the same from this blood-thirsty VVhore;*  
 Besides, being next her Seat, and near her Power,  
 Her greedy Jaws our Brethren did devour  
 VVith cruel Spite, and without intermission;  
 VVe have been tortur'd in her *Inquisition*.  
 No Tongue can speak the unexampled terror  
 Of that curst Pattern of *Infernal horror*.  
 They count it mild, when they our Persons burn,  
 And *Wives and Children* into *Asbes* turn, (cut  
 They say they're *courious* when our *Throats* they  
 Or when in *Dungeons* (vile as *Hell*) we're put. They

*Groans of the Protestant Church. 95*

They say they favour us, when they employ  
Our Daggers, Pistols, Axes to destroy.  
lingring Flames they did our Brethren roast;  
Halberts tops we saw our Infants tost:  
all this we've suffer'd, and a Thousand more,  
and that by means of this Infernal Whore.

*Ireland:*

Could deepest grief receive Additions, I  
Would give Examples of her Cruelty  
can her in more monstrous colours draw,  
than Bloudy Nero; or Caligula:  
those horrid Tortures which my Brethren say  
he exercis'd on them; the same I may  
affirm t'have suffer'd, by the instigation  
of this vile Strumpt, whose Abomination  
stinks in the Nostrils of each civil Nation:  
her cursed Priests, when first they did begin  
our Massacre, proclaim'd it was a sin  
unpardonable, if they durst to give  
Quarter, or our Necessities relieve;  
some they stript Naked, then thy bid them go  
through Bogs and Mountains in the Frost and Snow,  
Men, Women Children, then were butchered,  
and all that spoke our Language, punished:  
The very Cattel, if of English breed,  
they flauht and mangled, that they could not feed  
With joy, that Romish and rebellious Brood  
have wash't their hands in Martyred English blood,

Thousands

96 *Some Story in Distress* Or,

Thousands of naked Protestants that fled  
From these Barbarians have been famished.  
Their faithless Gentry, that pretended love,  
Perswaded th' *English* that they would remove  
Their Goods to them; Yet (once possession got)  
They (like perfidious wretches) cut their Throat.  
Numbers of Naked VWomen they did drive  
Into a Barn, and burnt them all alive.  
Each Sex and Age, that could not from them fly,  
Did by these Blood-hounds, without mercy die.  
Once at the fatal Bridge of *Portladown*,  
A thousand Souls these Miscreants did drown;  
A couple (with five Children) first they hang,  
And in a Hole th' expiring bodies flung;  
The youngest on the Mothers breast did stick,  
Cries, *Mammy, Mammy*, yet is buried quick.  
Some hackt to pieces, travailing Women strip'd,  
And half-born Infants from their bellies rip'd;  
VWhich (with their Mothers) hungry Dogs did eat,  
And Swine fed on them; as on common meat.  
VWhen some poor Souls in burning Houses Cry,  
The Villains said, *How sweetly do they fry!*  
VWhen Holy Scripture in the Flames did cast,  
They cry, 'Tis *Hell-fire*, and a lovely blast  
That blessed Book, when some have trampled on;  
They cry *Plague on't, that has the mischief done.*  
They made poor wives their husbands blood to spill;  
And trembling Youths, their aged Parents kill.  
They forc'd the Son to stab his dearest Mother,  
And then one Brother to destroy the other.

And they put fast in Stocks, then teach a Brat  
To ripe them, and make Candles of their Fat.  
How many Virgins did they Ravish first? (thirst)  
Then with their hearts-blood quench their eager  
Some they did bury just unto the Head,  
And left them on surrounding Grass to feed.  
Struck fast on *Tenter-hooks* grave Matrons were,  
And Virgins hang'd up in their Mothers Hair.  
Some, with their small Guts, were forced to run  
About a Tree, untill their Life was gone.  
The Mouths of Godly Ministers they cut  
Unto their Ears; betwixt their jaws they put  
A monstrous Gag, then with a Romish Scot  
Bid them go preach, *their Mouths were large enough.*  
These hellish furies brag'd, that (to their joy)  
They did two hundred thousands Souls destroy.  
We therefore pray, as others did before,  
For a just Sentence on this bloody Whore.

*Scotland.*

O Monstrous horror! Oh abhorred sink  
Of Villany! O bloody Throats that drink  
The Bloods of Innocents! which oft they quaff  
As freely as a common Mornings Draught!  
Thousands of mine were butchered by this Whore.  
In that poor Nation, that has spoke before  
The sufferings of my guiltless Natives, were  
Equal with theirs in every tittle there.  
Yet this blood thirsty Curtezian of Rome,  
Was not content, but tortur'd me at home.

*Sion in Distress : Or,*

*Some burnt, some hang'd, some scourg'd, some banished  
Some drown'd and some in Dungeons murdered.*  
A sinking Grief forbids me to enlarge,  
Or else with ease I'd aggravate my charge.  
Since Gospel Light did in my Borders shine,  
She thirsted to destroy both me and mine.  
Her limbs all parts, like filthy Locusts fill,  
And such as they cannot delude, they kill.  
Her Wolves put on the Habit of my Sheep,  
And in their Folds destroy them as they sleep.  
They have an Art to work upon the weak,  
That they Gods Order should in pieces break;  
Under pretences of reform'd Devotion,  
They instigate the Rabble to Commotion;  
That in those troubled Waters they may fish,  
And bring about their long expected wish.  
Their curst Politicks have been employ'd,  
To ruin those that they have so decoy'd.  
A thousand Forgeries they do invent,  
To charge their Plots upon the Innocent :  
That (whilst they act the Rogues in Masquerade)  
Poor guiltless Saints the Victims may be made.  
Thus have I open'd something of my Grief,  
And from the Judge expect a quick relief.

*England.*

**H**Ad Las many Tongues at my command,  
As Argus Eyes, or as Briareus Hands;  
I scarce could in a Century express  
One half of my unspeakable distress !

In



*The Grains of the Protestant Church.* 99

In every Age I had some Sons of Light,  
That would discover *Rome's Egyptian Night*;  
Yet they no sooner on the Stage appear,  
But that her Setting Dogs, like *Blood-hounds*, were,  
Upon the scent, and never left pursuit,  
Until to death they did them persecute.  
My Royal Edicts this bold Whore has broke,  
And on my Neck clapt her Tyranick Yoke.  
Vast Treasures from my Natives were extorted,  
And to enrich her Exchequer transported.  
Prodigious Sums she yearly squeezed hence,  
For Bardon, Obits, Annales, Peter-pence &c.  
And though each Land where she her Triumphs  
Whole swarms of Locusts, Priests and Friars brood,  
These (as the *'fanizaries to the Turk*)  
Where faithful slaves still to promote her work  
Whist to maintain these Drones, she swept away  
The Fat and Wealth of Nations for their prey.  
Such as would not be by her Witch-craft led  
Were tortur'd, murder'd, burnt or massacred.  
The Papal Beast could in a Frolick tell  
I was his Fountain inexhaustible.  
She planted Priests, and Ganimedes she rooted  
Within my Bowels, which the Land polluted;  
With such a pest of vile Debaucheries,  
As Pagans, Turks, and Infidels ourvies.  
She crushes any that her Acts opposes;  
My Kings she Poisons, Murders or Deposes.  
Some she deludes her Sovereignty to pawn,  
And does instruct them to betray the Crown.

Her lurking traps do menace me with storms,  
 Like Egypt Frogs in pestilential swarms.  
 She is so greedy nothing will suffice,  
 Unless I'm made a general Sacrifice.  
 'Tis known to all the Earth, how many ways  
 She martyr'd Protestants in *Marian* days.  
 Then was I made a dismal Field of Blood,  
 Which ran like Currents of a swelling flood.  
 She slays the *Spaniard* in a great bravado,  
 For to invade me with his proud *Armado*.  
 The hellish *Powder Treason* she prepares,  
 At once to blow up Commons, Kings and Peers.  
 Her hellish Brands (without a spark of pity)  
 Condemn'd to Ashes my Imperial City.  
 Nought but my Ruine her can satiate,  
 My Justice she does assassinate.  
 For many years she has been carrying on  
 A damned Intreague for my Destruction.  
 And all the ways that Satan prompts her to  
 Continue my fall, she's ready still to do.  
 Her force and malice nothing will abate,  
 Its still more deadly and inveterate.  
 Dread Providence shall ever have my thanks,  
 That she discover'd her infernal pranks,  
 Yet I am still in danger, and therefore  
 Do beg just sentence on this bloody Whore.

*The Evidence summed up.*

O Gulf of Horror! O profound Abyss!  
 Was ever mischief half so black as this!

Thou

*The Groans of the Protestant Church.* 101

Thou monstrous Whore, what Language can ex-  
press the boundless measure of thy wickedness & press  
throughout the Earth thou hast such mischief  
as is amazing to a humane thought. (wrought,  
it would compel a heart of stone to melt.  
When it revolves what *Protestants* have felt.  
Thy bloody fury and infernal rage,  
Has Persecuted them in every age;  
Thou mad'st the Magistrates their Enemies,  
And all the Tortures which thou could'st devise,  
Thou did'st inflict, as Testimony flows, (Toes  
some thou did'st hang by the Head, some by the  
some Millions thou did'st burn and broil on Coals  
and others carve to death in sinking holes.  
Some thou did'st cut to pieces very small  
And Infants Brains did'st dash against the Wall  
Upon their Bodies thou did'st tread like dung  
Thou had'st no mercy upon old or young  
By thy curs'd crew were Women ravish'd  
Who then (like butchers) knockt them on the Head  
Some had their Eys and Tongues by the pull'd  
Some were made harborless, & forc'd about four  
to wander, till in Woods and dismal Caves  
they found their woful and untimely Graves  
What rocky heart but justly may admire  
thy rage, that made poor Children to be fire  
to fatal piles in which their Parents dear  
cruel flames consum'd to ashes were  
thy wicked Agents have some Millions slain,  
who did endure the most inhumane pain.

Thy Bishops, Monks, and Fryers could devise,  
 Whole Blood to me for speedy Vengeance Cries.  
 The ways thou tookst to run a Soul from error,  
 Was unexampled flesh-amazing terror.  
 Of horrid Racks whereon a Man must lie,  
 Tortur'd to death, and dying cannot die.  
 Accurs'd Wretch, dost thou not give *Commission*  
 For to erect thy bloody *Inquisition*;  
 That loathsome Dungeon and most ghastly Cell,  
 A place of horror representing Hell,  
 Where nothing is so plentiful as tears,  
 Where Martyr'd Protestants can find no ears,  
 To hear their Cries and lamentable moans,  
 Nor hands to pity their extorted groans;  
 Where Saints in *torture* all their days must spend  
 Not knowing when their Sufferings will have end.  
 That *thousands* by thee were in *Bohemia* slain,  
 Whose Carcasses unburied did remain.  
 Thou art it my Vassals fall upon that Nation,  
 Or no less Penalty than their Damnation.  
 Didst thou not promise upon that condition  
 To give them full and absolute remission?  
 The vilest Wretch that on the Earth has stood,  
 Thou fully pardon'd, if hee'd shed the blood  
 Of one *Bohemian*: O suspitious rage!  
 Not to be parallel'd in any *Age*,  
 But by thy self, 'twas judg'd *De Albas* Crime,  
 That he desir'd no more in six years time  
 Than eighteen thousand souls: were they so few  
 In the account of this blood-thirsty Crew!

But

*The Groans of the Protestant Church.* 103

But if the Wretch (*De Alois*) bloody Bill,  
Come short in number, yet his hand did fill  
It up with Torments; dreadful to rehearse,  
The very mention cannot chuse but pierce.  
A Marble Heart, make Infidels relent,  
Torments that none but Devils could invent.  
But if all these was over-little still,  
His Predecessors did enlarge the Bill,  
For from the time thy hellish Inquisition  
Did from the Devil first receive Commission,  
By cruel torments (which they still retain)  
There were a hundred fifty thousand slain,  
From that black season when the hellish rage  
Of Jesuits acted on the European Stage.  
In *England, France, in Italy and Spain,*  
By thy accursed bloody hands were slain  
Nine hundred thousand Souls, or thereabout,  
(E're many years had run their Circuits out)  
Of poor *Americans* by cruel Spain  
In fifty years were many Millions slain.  
The poor *Waldenses* whole enlightened eye  
Thy filthy Woredoms quickly did espy.  
Thou hast with raging Persecutions sent  
And murder'd Parents with their innocent crew  
And harmless Babes; thy more than barbarous  
Their curst hands did in their blood imbue;  
At once were Eighty Infants famish'd,  
And many thousands safely Murdered.  
When some have fled into obscurest Caves,  
Thy Villains made their hiding place their Graves.

*Sion in Distress: Or,*

What part of *Europe* now can make their boast,  
And say they have not tasted (to their cost)  
Of thy Malignity? What shall I say  
Of *Germany*, whose Martyr'd Spirits pray  
For speedy Vengeance on thy cursed head?  
Thar Sea of blood thou hast in *Ireland* shed,  
Cries night and day for Justice; now in x  
My serious thoughts upon black sixty six,  
Thou bloody Strumpet how canst thou repair  
The loss of *England's* great Imperial Chair?  
How many richmen were to beggars turned,  
When that brave Isle's *Metropolis* was burned  
By thy accursed Imps, Fire-brands of Hell,  
Incarnate Devils without parallel,  
Brave Merchants of their great Estates bereft,  
To day Rich Men, to morrow nothing left;  
Their Wives and Children harbourless became,  
Their substance all consumed in the flame,  
But to conclude I have not yet forgot  
Thy *Powder-Treason*, nor thy Modern Plot;  
Nor all our dismal Villanies twat were  
Done in the *Mercurian* Massacre.  
Should I but recapitulate my charge,  
And speak of all thy Rogueries at large,  
Twould fill vast Volumes: Often did I see  
The Lord of Life was Crucified by thee  
When his dear Members blood by thee was shed,  
Millions unlambred basely Murdered:  
Yet still the Lord the Impudent do say,  
That thou art innocent unto this day.

H

Thou

*The Grooms of the Pharisaic Church*

Thou shameless Courtezan, didst thou not run  
With filthy Panders, and renounc'd the Son  
Of Glory, this did thine Espousals break;  
Canst thou deny it, shameless Strumpet, speak!

*Babylon.*

I Am the Mother Church, and hence deny  
That filthy name I am indicted by  
The odious Ephrathets of Scarlet Whore,  
Is daily laid unjustly at my door.  
I am Christs Church, his Spouse and only love,  
His undefiled one and spotless Dove.  
Pray then forbear the Sentence, look about  
To find that Whore and grand Delinquent out,  
Bold Hereticks who never would adhere  
To the true Faith and Apostolick Chair.  
Have born my just rebukes, some more, some less  
As was their Pride, Rebellion, Wickedness.

*Judge.*

Thou graceless Wretch, that art bereft of shame  
How dar'st thou thus deny thy proper name?  
Christs Church, his Members never did annoy  
Nor Persecute, and Millions thus destroy.  
'Tis to no purpose for thee to dispute,  
For all thy Forgeries I can confute.  
I am thy Judge, and never will pass by  
Thy horrid Acts, and bloody Villany.  
The times at hand when I'll fulfil my word,  
And in just fury draw my glittering sword.

My frown shall make thy proud Palace shake  
And all the Pillars of thy House shall quake  
Dost think because I did forbear so long,  
That I'll revenge not My dear Childrens wrong?  
What I resolve to do or will command,  
No Pope nor Devil can the same withstand.  
He durst presum'd great Monarchs to Depose,  
Shall soon be tumbled down by some of those  
Whom he so crumt; from Hell he did ascend,  
And thither shall be flung down in the end.  
He'll surely fall and never rise again;  
The hope thou hast of him is therefore vain;  
There's no recalling of the Sentence gone,  
Thy Execution-day approaches on.  
Thy Partner Merchants then shall cry and howl,  
And thy Destruction (in this sort) condole.  
*Dispersed are they that were great and fair,  
Most brave and sumptuous, ev'n beyond compare.  
Alas! how quickly are thy Judgments come,  
Thy fall, thy ruin, and thy final Doom.  
Our Trade is gone, our gainful Merchandise  
Is lost, and no Man does regard our Cries.  
O sad Destruction! we are all undone,  
What shall we do, or whither shall we run?  
O that the Mountains, and the Hills would cover  
Us, till the Vengeance of the Lord be over!*

Truth.

**M**ost glorious Judge, since this bold Whore  
Her filthy lewdness, and Adulteries, denies  
Let



*The Growth of the Protestant Church.* 107

Let me but prove it, and proclaim her name;  
Tis known that I a faithful Witness am:  
It has been Eviden'd by Vision clear (pear,  
That some strange Monster should on Earth ap-  
Which by imperfect views did first amaze  
Sagacious minds when they on it did gaze,  
Which made mens Judgments to divide afunder,  
To see an Object of unusual Wonder,  
A Woman, City, and a Scarlet Whore;  
The like on Earth was never seen before.  
A Women in her pompous glory dress,  
And sitting on a Monstrous Horned Beast,  
Who it decyphered by prodigious things,  
His very Horns (explain'd) are Crowned Kings,  
And then this mighty wonder to compleat,  
She's plac'd on a Seven-hilled Seat;  
She's stilled a Woman, and and a Whore, because  
She once submitted to Enacted Laws,  
As other Women do, when they do wed  
A Husband, and enjoy a Marriage Bed,  
And who this Woman is shall now be known,  
Her proper Title is (Great Babylon)  
Who in great Pomp and Royal State doth sit,  
Excelling haughty *Jezebel* in Pride;  
Who in our modern times hath bounding been,  
That she Rules all men or a mighty Queen,  
Trampling on Kings and Crowned Potentates,  
Commanding Kingdoms, Common-wealths, and  
Requiring Subjects blindly to obey, (Satan,  
Pressing the Beast, and Horns, to kill and slay.

# Sign of Babylon: Or

At such a rate, as that all *Christendoms*  
 Like Butchers bloody Shambles are become.  
 If by this Mark she is not understood,  
 Neither by Garb, Beast, Actions or by Blood,  
 To other ways of proof, We quickly come  
 And shew this Whore to be the Church of *Rome*.  
 The Woman which the Apostle *John* beheld  
 Arrayed in Purple, and in Pomp upheld  
 By that blasphemous scarlet colour'd Beast,  
 That was with Gold and Stones of value drest.  
 Holding a Cup full of a Abominations  
 And black Pollution of her Fornications.  
 That with great Kings Adultery commits  
 And on a Seven hill of Pollution sits.  
 The holy Angel of the Lord explains, *Rev. 17. 18.*  
 That 'tis that City which so proudly Reigns  
 Over the Kingdom of Earth; but all these Notes,  
 And what besides the blessed Spirit quotes,  
 With Papal Rome, exactly do agree.  
 She therefore must this bloody Strumpet be.  
 If all the Marks that of this Whore are given  
 Will not meet any where so plain and even  
 As on the Church and People I did name.  
 Then certainly She is the very same.  
 First, 'tis evident that there is none  
 Day long since called *Babylon*.  
 Was *Babylon* a People of renown?  
 To that same height the Church of *Rome* is grown.  
 Had *Babylon* a great and powerful King  
 This Church can shew an Image of that thing.  
 Did

*The Growth of the Protestant Church.*

Did *Babylon* poor *Israel* invade?  
This Church on *Sin* the same Inroads made.  
Did *Babylon* make *Salem* desolate?  
This hath brought *Sion* near to that Estate;  
Did *Babylon* make Prophets drink their Tears,  
Shake Kingdoms, and fill Peoples hearts with fears?  
This Church hath done so, yea, and far out done  
Her Anti-Type, and so beyond her run;  
Did *Babylon* the Prophets bear away  
Into Captivity, and make a Prey  
Of all the Treasures that her hand could find?  
This Papal Church is not a whit behind;  
On th' ablest guides she laid her Hellish hands,  
Confining them to Prison under Bonds;  
As if 'twere not enough for her to do  
She seiz'd their Persons, and their substance too.  
Did *Babylon* God's Worship over-throw,  
Set up an Idol, and command to Bow? (more,  
This Church hath done the same, yea, and much  
Fill'd heaped measure and much running ore.  
'Twas she that took the Word of God away,  
And by a string of Beads taught men to pray.  
She rob'd the Layery of the blessed Cup,  
And spill'd the Feast where Children came to sup,  
At the Lords Table where they us'd to mix  
The blessed things their Saviour left behind.  
She did set up her Superstitious Mass,  
As rank an Idol as yet ever was,  
Commanding adoration to be given  
Of equal honour with the God of Heaven;  
Of equal honour with the God of Heaven;

at such a rate, as that all *Christians*  
Like Butchers bloody Shambles are become  
If by this Mark she is not understood  
Neither by Garb, Beast, Actions or by Blood,  
To other ways of proof, He quickly come  
And shew this Whore to be the Church of *Rome*.  
The Woman which in Apostle *John* beheld  
Arrayed in Purple, and in Pomp upheld  
By that blasphemous scarlet colour'd Beast,  
That was with Gold and Stones of value drest  
Holding a Cup full of a Abominations,  
And black Pollutions of her Fornications,  
That with great Kings Adultery commits  
And on a Seven hill of Foundation sits.  
The holy Angel of the Lord explains, *Rev. 17. 18.*  
That 'tis that City which so proudly Reiges  
Over the Kings of the Earth; but all these Notes,  
And what besides the blessed Spirit quotes,  
With Papal Rome, exactly do agree  
She therefore must this bloody Strumpet be  
If all the Marks that of this Whore are given  
Will not meet any where so plain and even  
As on the Church and People I did name.  
Then certainly, See, the very same  
First, then is evident that there is none  
May be truly called *Babylon*  
Was *Babylon* a People of renown?  
To that same height the Church of *Rome* is grown.  
And *Babylon* a great and peevish King  
The Church can shew an Image of that thing.

Did

*The Grounds of the Protestant Church.*

Did *Babylon* poor *Israel* invade?  
This Church on *Sion* the same Inroads made.  
Did *Babylon* make *Salem* desolate?  
This hath brought *Sion* near to that Estate;  
Did *Babylon* make Prophets drink their Tears,  
Shake Kingdoms, and fill Peoples hearts with fears,  
This Church hath done so; yea and far out done  
Her Anti-Type, and so beyond her run;  
Did *Babylon* the Prophets bear away  
Into Captivity, and make a Prey  
Of all the Treasure that her hand could find?  
This Papal Church is not a whit behind;  
On th' ablest guides she laid her Hellish hands,  
Confining them to Prison under Bands;  
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She seiz'd their Persons, and their substance too.  
Did *Babylon* God's Worship overthrow,  
Set up an Idol, and command to Bow? (more,  
This Church hath done the same, yea, and much  
Fill'd heaped measure and much running o're.  
'Twas she that took the Word of God away,  
And by a string of Beads taught men to pray.  
She rob'd the Layery of the blessed Cup,  
And spild the Feast where Children came to Sup,  
At the Lords Table where they us'd to mind  
The blessed things their Saviour left behind.  
She did set up her Superstitious Mass,  
As rank an Idol as yet ever was,  
Commanding adoration to be given  
Of equal honour with the God of Heaven;  
Imposing

Impious Vows, unwarranted Traditions,  
 Implicit Faith, and thousand Superstitions;  
 Pretended Miracles, apparent Lies,  
 Damnable Errors, and fond Fopperies;  
 She clogs the Conscience, and to make all well,  
 Boasts all her Dictates are Infallible.  
 Did *Babylon* the burning work begin?  
 Make a hot Furnace? thrust Gods *Worthies* in?  
 This Church herein hath driven such a trade,  
 That thousands, broiling Martyrs she hath made.  
 She sets the Pope above the Holy One,  
 The great *Jehovah* and his blessed Son;  
 'Tis she declares him Universal Head,  
 'Tis she forbids the *Bible* to be read;  
 'Tis she that first did from the Faith depart,  
 'Tis she that wounded *Sion* to the heart.  
 'Tis she hath been the occasion of all Evil,  
 'Tis she advanced the Doctrine of the Devil;  
 'Tis she that taught her Sons to swear and he,  
 To vouch great Falshoods, and plain truths deny.  
 'Tis she that did forbid the Marriage Bed,  
 Whilst her vile Clergy such ill Lives have led.  
 Was it not she that Canon did create,  
 Commanding plainly to abstain from meat,  
 Which God gave Licence unto all to eat?  
 If from this Charge she can her self defend,  
 Then may she make the Judge and Law her friend  
 Or if she can produce another Tribe,  
 To whom we may this Character ascribe;  
 With greater cleanness than we do to her,  
 We will consent her Sentence to defer. Judge.

Judge.

**R**ome, since thou canst not make a fair defence,  
And shew to all the World thine innocence,  
Tis very evident that all these things,  
Have been fulfilled on Kingdoms and their Kings.  
And now if there no other People be,  
That did the like, then thou alone art she;  
Let thy denials trouble Men no more,  
Thou only art the bloody Scarlet Whore.  
Therefore in Justice I at length am come,  
(Being long provoke) to pass thy Final Doom.

The SENTENCE.

**R**ome, Thou hast been Indicted by the Name of My-  
rry, Babylon Mother of Harlots, Scarlet-coloured Whore,  
and False Church, or pretended Spouse of Jesus Christ. And  
found guilty of all these horrid and prodigious Crimes fol-  
lowing.

Thou didst first fall from the Holy Religion of God and his  
Son, which were established and professed in the Apostles  
time. Thou didst set up the vile Monster the Pope, the Man  
of Sin, that foul Blaphemous Beast. Thou didst most sacrile-  
giously give those Attributes and Titles to him, that be-  
long to Jehovah and the Great Emanuel. Thou madst him De-  
cees in Wicked Councils, above the Laws of God, (the Uni-  
versal Sovereign) thou hast made void the Laws and Con-  
stitutions of the Gospel, forming whole Nations into Churches,  
though the greatest part do shew themselves the work of  
Men. Thou hast made Nurseries of Priests and vile Men,  
and impowered them to take Confessions for Money, and  
forgive Sins. Thou hast hypocritically abused all sorts of  
People, by perswading them that thou hast power to heal  
their Souls here, and help them hereafter; by which cursed  
Frapts thou hast drawn a great part of the Riches of Europe  
into

into these unhallowed hands. Thou hast laid *Close Siege* to the hearts of Princes & drawn them into the highest strains of Wickedness, to commit *fornication*, promote *Idolatry*, and take away the Lives of *innocents*. Thou hast lain in wait (where they would not fulfil the bloody & barbarous Lusts) to contrive *Treasons*, *Sedition* and *Rebellion* against them, to Depose and Murder them by *Excommunications*, *Poisons*, and *Powder-Plots*. Thou hast corrupted all Countreys and Kingdoms (where thy Power extended) by such downright and abominable *Idolatry*, that *Heathens* themselves were never guilty of worse. Thou hast not only countenanced *Sauces* and *Barbel-Houses*, where abominable *Sodomy* and *Adulteries* are practised but even thy very *Numeries* are become habitations of *Whoredom* and *Falshines*, the bottoms of whose Motes and Ponds, have shewed the Murders of New born Babes. Thou hast kil'd the best Men; thou hast spared delicate Women and sucking Children. Thou hast made away many Millions both of *Christians* and poor *Heathens*. And after so Hellish a sort, that the best learned Hearts and Tongues want *Rhetorick* to set it forth; thou hast cut them to peices in cool Blood, thou hast chained to Staks and burnt them. Thou hast ripped up Women with Child and Ravish Women and Maids—and then hath barbarously slain them—Thou hast been guilty of Burying Alive, Roasting upon Spits, Scalding with burning Oyl and boiling Lead—Blowing their Heads in pieces with Gun-Powder; thou hast made Women Widdows, Children Fatherless; Houses and Villages, Towns and Cities without Inhabitants. Thou hast destroyed by Fire and Sword and all manner of *Robberies* and *Outrages*. Thou hast fomented Wars between Kingdoms and Nations. Thou hast done thy endeavour to make all men Slaves, but thy own accursed Tribe of *Cardinals*, *Arch-Bishops*, *Bishops*, &c. Thou hast Murdered Multitudes of Souls, as well as destroy'd multitudes of Bodies. In short, thou hast filled the Earth with Corruption, and loaded it with Oppression, and standest in the way of its promised



## The Grounds of the Protestant Church.

sed deliverance and Restitution. And for all these *Oppressions, Adulteries, Fornications, Rebellions, Murders, and Blasphemies*, with the guilt of a mighty *Accursed Blood*, which hath been poured against thee, and from which thou canst not defend thy self, and for which both by the Laws of God Nature and Nations, thou oughtest to suffer. Thy Sentence therefore is—

Thou shalt continue in safe Custody till the 1260 Years be expired, (which is now very near) and then thou shalt be taken from off the Beast, where thou art imperiously adorned thy Golden Cup (with which thou hast deceived the Nations) shall be taken out of thy hand, and by the Hands of the Horns of Nations, and Swords of Good Men, thou shalt have these judgments come upon thee in one day, Mourning and Famine, and thou shalt be utterly burnt with fire, like a Woman that hath broken Wedlock, and slain her Sovereign; As which all the Hosts of Saints and Angels shall say Amen—Hallelujah.

### The Author's Request.

1. Some things great God, my Soul doth long to have,  
Before these Transient days of mine be o'er;  
Which things in deep humility I crave,

Till my Requests I can of thee obtain,  
I shall be filled with sorrow, grief and pain.

2. Alas my Griets are now increased double I

O that thou wouldst be pleas'd to hear O Lord!

Then shoud my Soul be free from inward trouble

If what I humbly ask thou wouldst afford

Until thy Grace allows me my Request,

I cannot cease, nor give thee any rest.

3. 'Tis not for shining Riches of this World,

Nor empty Honour, that to thee I cry;

Such with a Puff are off to nothing hur'd,

They get them Wings, and soon Possessors fly,

All subluxury things uncertain be;

Ask them not, some better things I see,

# Song in Request: O Lord

1. I want for Pleasures that are transitory,  
Which fill vain Fancies with a foolish joy,  
But for some Glories of Eternity,  
Which my transported Soul longs to enjoy.
2. O Father, Honour, Praise, and Measures give,  
The things I want, whilst on the Earth I live.
3. The things that I am longing to receive,  
Most precious are; O let me humbly meet  
Thy monthly presence unto me wouldst give,  
My heart from sin that thou wouldst also purge.
4. These are the things my never ceasing Cry  
Petition for: Lord grant them ere I die.
5. Thy presence does more console my heart  
Than sweetest Honey or the Honey-Comb:  
I wish with Mary I chose the better part:  
To see my Soul would be delivered from  
Then I thy Name in songs will magnify,  
And happy be, when e'er I come to die.
6. Let thy good Spirit be my blessed Guide,  
And in thy House let me for ever abide:  
From Gospel Truths O let me never slide,  
Nor find my Conscience like another Hell.  
And I thy Name for evermore shall praise,  
And happy be when I shall end my Days.
7. Lord whatsoever my Estate is here,  
With sweet Submission let me be content,  
When I'm most troubled, then be thou most near,  
And never from me thy dear self absent:  
This will my prostrate Spirit highly raise,  
And if I suffer to thy Name be praise.
8. Teach me, I pray thee, that Celestial Skill,  
My Days to number, as thy Saints have done:  
Let me still yield unto thy blessed Will,  
And wait upon thee till my Glass be run.  
So shall my Raptures & Tongue thy praise proclaim,  
And sing thy Name with thy Glorious Name.

# The Groans of the Protestant Church.

10. O regulate my Tongue, and make me low,  
How few my days are, and how short their length;  
Let all my trust be still repos'd in thee;  
Relax thy scourge, or add unto my strength;  
Bethou my way, my strength, my light that  
May learn to live, and in thy favour die.
11. When hungry let thy Manna be my Meat;  
When circled in the dark, enlighten me;  
When I am weary, O! be thou my Seat;  
And when Imprison'd, do thou set me free;  
So fill'd, enlighten'd, after sweet repose,  
Enlarg'd from Bonds, I will thy praise disclose.
12. In time of wrath, when fury waxes great,  
Bethou my Bulwark and securest Tower;  
To thy transcending Name let me retreat,  
And be defended by thy mighty Power.  
Secure me till thy Vengeance is past over,  
That I thy Praises may to all discover.
13. Let me with Patience run that blessed Race,  
And from my weights, which very sore have bin,  
Be now set free, that with a swifter pace  
I may the Prize of lasting Glory win.  
Be thou my Guide, do thou direct my Path,  
Lord give me Patience, and with Patience Faith.
14. Thy Children are as (many) Members join'd  
Which make one body, whose Blest Head thou art;  
O cause them with an undivided mind  
And perfect Union, to have all one heart;  
Then shall I hope to see a blest increase  
Of Sions Glory and of Israels Peace.
15. Thy Children have in many things provok'd  
Thee, but in Mercy pass Offenses by;  
By Grace, O Lord, let Judgment be revok'd  
That they may live thy Name to magnifie;  
And I thy goodness will proclaim to all,  
And warning take, lest I my self do fall.

Sam is Distress; Or,

16. Remember Sam in her sining grief,  
She mourns, she weeps, and is in inward pain,  
Do thou in Mercy, lend her such relief  
That she (with cause) may never more complain;  
Then (not till then) my sorrows will be over,  
And thy goodness will to all discover.
17. O let thy Gospel through the Earth be spread;  
Raze black design, O let thy Grace prevent;  
Permit not them to grow into a Head;  
As they have purpos'd, with a full intent;  
Then shall I (quickned by a Holy Flame,)  
Ascribe the Glory to thy Blessed Name.
18. I pray thee scatter our enraged Foes,  
And baffle all who proudly have combin'd  
Against thine Heritage; do thou expose  
Them to be tost as Chaff before the Wind;  
Preservethy Flock from bloody Babels hand,  
Establish Truth and Quiet in the Land.
19. O God whose dreadful Judgments are severe,  
And whose great Mercy is full of sweet compassion,  
Destroy thy Churches Foes both far and near,  
And grant to me the joy of thy Salvation;  
Then will I spend the Remnant of my days,  
In Psalms of thanks to thee, and Hymns of Praise.
20. Make haste to judge the Persecuting *Worm*,  
Thy righteous Judgments quickly execute;  
Let her so fall that she may rise no more,  
O Lord be pleas'd to grant my earnest suit,  
That I may see her fall before I die,  
That I thy Name may therefore magnifie.
21. O Lord establish thine own interest,  
And set thy Son upon his blessed Throne;  
Destroy the Kingdom of the Scarlet Beast,  
Let Christ his Foes to conquer now go on,  
That on the top of *Sion* I may sing,  
Aloud *Hosanna* to the Highest King.

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## *The Groans of the Protestant Church.*

What thou, O Lord, hast to thy Sins sold  
Of Blessings that thou hast for her in Store  
When once fulfill'd, O let mine Eyes behold,  
And then let me go hence and be no more  
In this disturbing World, but let me be  
Translated to a blest Eternity.

In all the course of my short Pilgrimage,  
Be thou my Load-Star, let my heedful Eye  
fix on thee, that when I leave the Stage,  
I may be fitted and prepar'd to die.

That when this transitory life is o're,  
With Angels I may sing for evermore.

Whate'er of any Suit thou dost deny,  
Grant me True Faith, that I may still believe  
That through Christs Ransom, when I come to dye,  
A Glorious Crown from thee I shall receive.

O Lord of Hosts, vouchsafe me my request,  
Let me enjoy but thee, and I will rest;  
For having thee, all precious things I have,  
And in the World there's nothing else I crave.

## *An Alarm to the Wise and Foolish Virgins.*

1. **A**LL you that fear the Lord, give ear  
To what I do indite,  
There is a cry, the Bridegrooms nigh,  
'Tis near the midst of Night.

2. Rouze up, awake, your Lamps to take,  
And longer do not slumber;  
You must them trim, to send on him  
Into the Wedding Chamber.

3. You Virgins all, to you I call,  
What Oil have you in store?  
If you have none, you are undone,  
Then look to it therefore.

4. Watch

# Man in Distress: Or, the

4. Watch then, alway, Our Lord doth say, O most good W  
None knows the day nor hour, that he will come again, 10  
Watch carefully, for you are night, and O be silent, none may  
The day of his great Power, and on our souls he will  
5. With speed arise, lift up your Eyes,  
The Day-Star doth appear; and he will come again, 10  
Rise from your Bed, raise up your Head,  
Redemption is very near, and he will come again, 10  
6. Such as are wise, their time do prize,  
Preparing for their Lord, and he will come again, 10  
To them he will his Word fulfil,  
And his sweet smiles afford, and he will come again, 10  
7. But Fools do haste their time to waste  
In sleep and slothfulness; and he will come again, 10  
Yet such presume they shall assume  
His Glory ne'r the less, and he will come again, 10  
8. But they indeed on Fancies feed,  
Twill come to such an Ebb, and he will come again, 10  
That they shall see their hopes will be  
Like to the Spiders Web, and he will come again, 10  
9. They still do keep themselves asleep,  
And know not where they be; and he will come again, 10  
Were they awake, how would they quake,  
Their woful state to see? and he will come again, 10  
10. You who remain so very vain,  
And in a formal state, and he will come again, 10  
And all the while have got no Oil,  
You'll mourn when 'tis too late, and he will come again, 10  
11. You who profess and not possess  
The Truth in Life and Power; and he will come again, 10  
Your state is bad, and will be bad  
Before this day be o'er, and he will come again, 10  
12. You have the Shell but no Kernel,  
The Chaff, but not the Wheat; and he will come again, 10  
The Husks you take, and do forsake  
Your Souls most precious meat, and he will come again, 10

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13. To the last Day, O therefore pray,  
And faithful now abide  
Unto the Lord with one accord,  
And be on the Lambs side.
14. Still have a care, and do not dare  
In Babel to remain;  
For if you do, then must you know,  
With her you shall be slain.
15. Come haste away without delay,  
With all speed and endeavour,  
Her End is come, her fatal Doom,  
Therefore your Souls deliver.
16. You now do hear her Ruin near,  
Your Sins therefore forsake,  
And you'll prevent the punishment  
Of which she must partake.
17. All her Pleasures and rich Treasures  
Hate as monstrous Evil,  
Gods Word doth shew, who love them do,  
Shall go unto the Devil.
18. You must remove your dearest Love  
From Earth, and things thereof;  
For this hath been a crying Sin,  
Now cast it therefore off.
19. On things above, set all your Love,  
Affections and Desire;  
The things below, Gods will overthrow  
With his consuming Fire.
20. Alas poor Souls! be not such Fools  
To labour for the wind;  
The wealth you heap, you shall not keep,  
As you e're long will find.
21. You must not rest on Self-Interest,  
But wholly for the Lord;  
He'll else at last you surely blast,  
According to his Word.

*Short Digest, &c.*

1. There are some men cry loud, When, when  
Will thou in Glory come?  
But first repent or do relent,  
And pray for his Kingdom.  
2. But such shall see with them 'twill be,  
As when one 'scapes a Bear;  
Which being gone, Lyons come on  
Who do in pieces tear.  
3. Subdue your Sin; for it hath been  
Your greatest Enemy:  
If that does reign, you strive in vain,  
You must it Crucifie.  
4. In every Land there's none shall stand  
And happy be indeed,  
But only those whom God hath chose,  
Who on Christ Jesus feed.  
5. O therefore cry continually  
For Christ and precious Grace,  
That being blest, you all may rest,  
When you have run your Race.  
6. The great Bridgemaids when he doth come  
Will all such entertain,  
And you shall then be happy men,  
And with him ever Reign.  
7. He'll place you high in Majesty,  
Your Honour shall excell;  
And so I'll end, who am your Friend,  
And bid you all farewell.

**F I N I S.**



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